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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•June passes, and the luminous image of a silver-haired Pope in Poland is intaglioed on the minds of millions of Americans. Bravely facing down the bully boys of a demented regime, Pope John Paul II hectored them on their various and sundry abominations and stupidities. He is a colossal man, unique in a dozen important ways; but thus far he has not conferred any mark whatsoever on our time. For that matter neither has anyone here at home. The early 1980s is a time of inexplicable insipidity.

•Plenty is happening. The economy grows ever more robust. The political aviary is filled with plumed beauties, some rather interesting. Nonetheless, the times are without flavor or theme or aura. Personal income is up, consumer spending is up, housing starts are up, the government's index of leading economic indicators climbs; and unemployment is down. Yet no one mentions Reaganomics anymore. The Washington press corps is deep in torpor. Nothing and no one shakes the sages from their drear. What troubles the chroniclers of our quotidian march into tomorrow? What stifles those who once believed in Camelot, the Great Society, the Wonderboy of Plains, Georgia? A genial friend of freedom in the Oval Office is not that hard to take, is he?

•Ronald Reagan does, however, have his supporters across the length and breadth of this great Republic. In Valdosta, Georgia, 10-year-old Stan Cox, awed by the beauty and majesty of the state of Alabama's electrocution of Mr. John Louis Evans III, a convicted murderer, constructed a model electric chair as a school project. At the U.S. embassy in Moscow two puckish members of the U.S. Marine Corps cunningly awaited their opportunity and at 2 a.m. recently dumped a garbage sack of shredded paper from the embassy roof onto the heads of two bemused Soviet policemen. And get-tough officials in Parkersburg, West Virginia fined paralytic Mr. Jack Meyers $5 plus court costs for driving a motorized cart on city streets in violation of local codes. On June 9 British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher scored a sweeping victory over her opposition despite the innovative exertions of Mr. Colin Hanoman, a 26-year-old former law student who changed his name to Mr. Margaret Thatcher hoping that his name-change would help him defeat Mrs. Thatcher in her north London electoral district. Despite his lawyer's explanation that Mr. Hanoman's artifice was essential if he were to overcome the "disadvantage in running against the prime minister," a British High Court barred Mr. Hanoman from using his new name. Mr. Thatcher ran on the "Conservative Party." Mr. William Miller, Barry Goldwater's 1964 running-mate, perished in Buffalo, New York's Millard Fillmore Hospital, and there was a general outcry throughout Italy when it was divulged that urban terrorists were making love in an Italian court room during trial proceedings.

•France's erstwhile Culture Minister Jack Lang resorted to low name-calling when a public-spirited mob of French citizens tried to lynch him in Paris, forcing him to seek refuge in the embassy of Upper Volta. The crowd, numbering in the thousands and representing a rainbow of French opinion, had spotted Mr. Lang as he sat in his government limousine during their peaceful demonstration and attempted to make personal contact with him. When he objected they naturally grew more aggressive and gave chase, but this surely was no reason for him to denounce them as members of "fascist groups using Nazi methods." Would he use such rude language to describe those West German peace demonstrators who on June 25 attacked Vice President George Bush's limousine? The lusty crew of the Australian patrol boat, *Buccaneer,* blasted its bow off while practicing a 15-gun salute in the waters off Darwin; and the world has lost another Bernstein, not the one whose earthly exit so many of us have avidly awaited, namely Leonard; but a different Bernstein, Bernard, founder and first legislative secretary of the Federation of Licensed Chiropractors of New York. Dr. Bernstein died of congestive heart failure at New York's Doctors Hospital. Possibly a blast to the lower lumbar vertebrae would have saved him or a drop kick to the rib cage or a fall from a five-story building. Then again, perhaps a stretch on a medieval rack or a brisk tumble in a giant clothes dryer would have retrieved the situation, but none of Dr. Bernstein's fellow adepts was in Doctors Hospital to administer the required chiropractical mysteries; and so Dr. Bernstein was at the mercy of the American Medical Association, and you know the rest.

•Wimps thoughout the Republic sighed liltingly when word was received on June 10 that Parson Anderson, he of Campaign '80, will found a new political party to take "risks for peace" and strive for "pay-as-you-go-government." The Hon. Anderson announced his plan to reporters in Washington over a breakfast consisting of warm stewed prunes, Kellogg's Bran Buds sprinkled with banana slices and wheat germ, fresh apple sauce, and tea—all to no avail. He left as irritable as ever and with the same crazed glint in his bespectacled eyes. In Hartford, Connecticut one of the Hon. Anderson's prospective supporters, possibly a precinct captain, was sprung from the calaboose when U.S. District Judge M. Joseph Blumenfeld decided not to reward the convicted draft evader in his "search for martyrdom." It was a fortunate culmination for the young idealist, Mr. Russell F. Ford, who is the first person in Connecticut convicted for violating the Republic's new draft registration law. Friends and supporters exulted in Judge Blumenfeld's courtroom as Mr. Ford gaily gathered up flowers and a stuffed animal that he had brought along for moral support.

•Father's Day was observed on June 19, but the real excitement came the following Sunday, Gay Pride Day, when thousands of homosexuals and general goof-offs turned out to inform America of how amusing it is to be homosexual and how sad, how hysterical America has become over the Gay disease AIDS and how insouciant, how ordinary homosexuals are and how extraordinary. In other words it is more of the New Age's contradictory whoop-whoop served up by the sentimental press in solemn tones cribbed from the propaganda pamphlets of fanatics. The day was dedicated, it was said, to victims of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), the comparatively rare disease seemingly spread by deviant acts and dirty hypodermic needles, and in San Francisco several head of sufferers even marched in the Gay Day Parade under the banner "People With AIDS Alliance" as though they had been chased from lunch counters in Greensboro, North Carolina or had their favorite outdoor lavatory bombed during public worship.

•In all the bawling no one in the media or the homosexual community has paused to shed a tear for joggers, yet the Republic lost another when Mr. Frank Caito dropped dead just 40 feet from the finish line in Louisville's Kentucky Derby Festival Mini-marathon; and God knows how many joggers' deaths go unreported every week, their relatives and loved ones afraid to admit that they croaked while undergoing allegedly healthful recreation. Why no sentimental front-page stories about the jogger's curse?

•The Sixth World Congress of Sexology convened in our nation's capital with seasoned cranks like 69-year-old William Masters of the Masters & Johnson duo and Mary Calderone, adjunct professor in the New York University Human Sexuality Program, providing the hottest stuff as usual. Dr. Masters revealed a plot by nursing homes to keep elderly roués chaste, and Dr. Calderone revealed that ultrasonic pictures of fetuses in the womb show males regularly getting erections. Thus she remonstrated against discouraging babies from fondling their genitals, for "If you stop a child from talking it starts stuttering. The same holds true for sexuality." And what about toilet training? Fetuses evacuate while in the womb. Does Dr. Calderone warn against toilet training babes? I have no idea, but I bet she sold a lot of those ultrasonic pictures while in Washington. *—RET*

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EDITORIAL

BULBOUS TIP

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

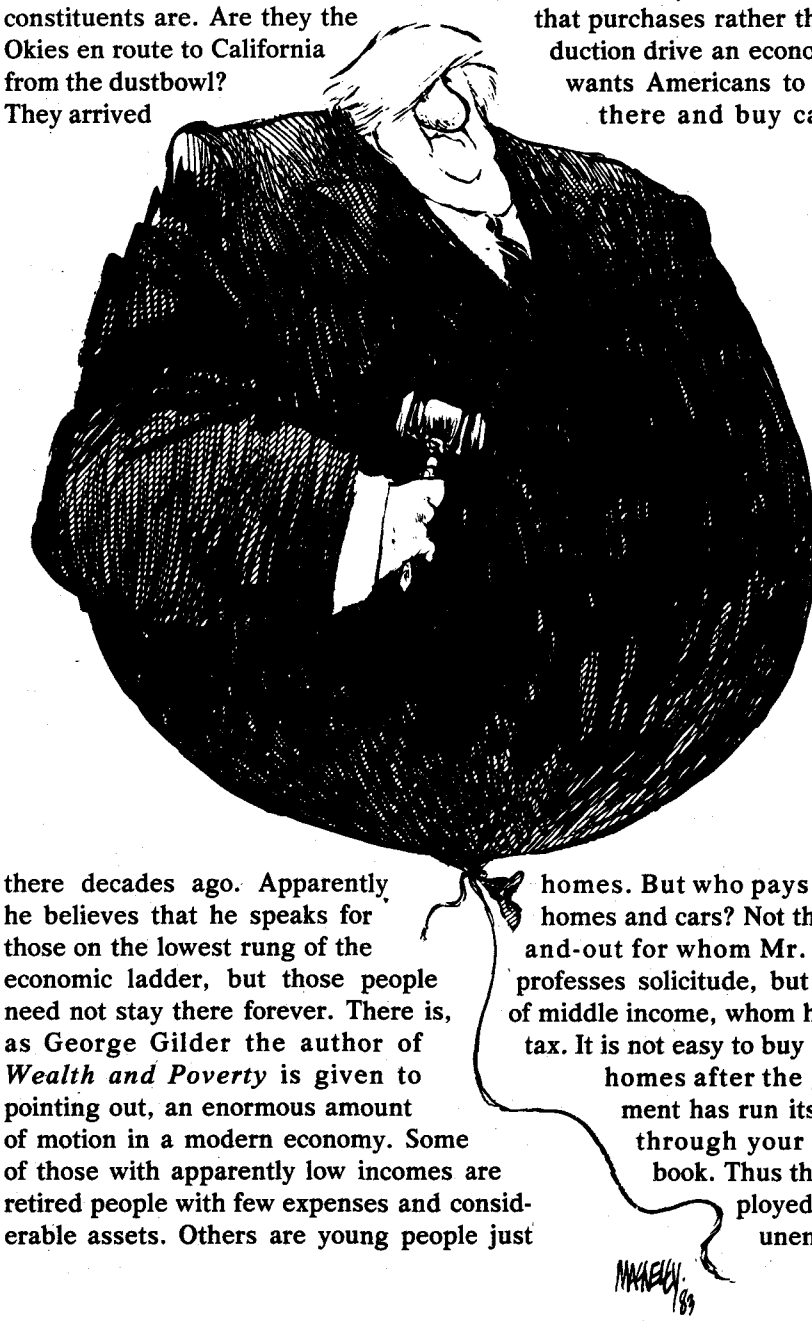
I have been wrong to call House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Congressman Falstaff. I apologize. There is indeed buffoonery in his yelps and furies over Reaganomics, but there is also an affecting quaintness. In his campaign to slam down a $700 limit on the final installment of President Reagan's 25-percent cut in personal tax rates, Mr. O'Neill came across as nothing so much as a rotund Michael Foot, sans dog, English walking stick, and frayed raiment but with the same woebegone 1930s vision of working classes struggling under the lash of the Big Bosses while their children pad about barefoot, dirty, and with tears rolling down their cheeks.

When Speaker O'Neill promises to deny "the rich" the third round of the Reagan tax cuts he is talking about households with yearly incomes beginning around $35,000. To his mind this is the starting income of "the rich." Doubtless he sees the household with $50,000 of yearly income as the manse of the super rich. Yet after mortgage payments, automobile payments, educational expenses, and the welfare state's taxes have been paid there are very few of these households whose members are as Speaker O'Neill sees them.

A lot has changed in the American economy since the 1930s when Mr. O'Neill was first educated to the political economy of Robin Hood. Middle-income families are often forced to send not one but two breadwinners into the work force. The average household with a yearly income of $50,000 has at least two wage earners—occasionally more. It is eminently possible that Mr. O'Neill's $700 cap would hit the home of a blue-collar worker whose wife is a schoolteacher or secretary.

Is a middle-income family really rich? Well then, why are so many of Mr. O'Neill's fellow congressmen grumbling about the difficulty of living in Washington on yearly incomes of $60,700? Mr. O'Neill's supporters believe that when the President vetoes the aforementioned $700 cap, the Democrats can then depict Mr. Reagan as the defender of the rich. It is a fate Mr. Reagan should eagerly welcome.

After listening to Speaker O'Neill's drivel about the rich, one begins to wonder who he believes his natural constituents are. Are they the Okies en route to California from the dustbowl? They arrived there decades ago. Apparently he believes that he speaks for those on the lowest rung of the economic ladder, but those people need not stay there forever. There is, as George Gilder the author of *Wealth and Poverty* is given to pointing out, an enormous amount of motion in a modern economy. Some of those with apparently low incomes are retired people with few expenses and considerable assets. Others are young people just starting out. If Mr. O'Neill has his way these young people will not get very far, for his high tax rates will just about destroy economic growth, by discouraging investment, and the young wage earner's dream of joining middle-income families in a higher-income bracket, by dampening his ardor for work.



Not only is this a quaint and static view of economics it is also muzzy-headed. Mr. O'Neill is enough of an old-fashioned Keynesian to believe that purchases rather than production drive an economy. He wants Americans to get out there and buy cars and homes. But who pays for new homes and cars? Not the down-and-out for whom Mr. O'Neill professes solicitude, but citizens of middle income, whom he would tax. It is not easy to buy cars and homes after the government has run its fingers through your pocketbook. Thus the unemployed, remain unemployed, and Speaker O'Neill can run to them with ever more lucre filched from the middle class. This is how Michael Foot saw the world before his Labour party went down to Prime Minister Thatcher with over 50 percent of Britain's trade unionists voting against him.

On Capitol Hill right now the old gang of taxers and spenders is making a desperate attempt to save its way of life. It preaches economic gloom, though more and more economic indicators suggest optimism. It claims that the Reagan cuts have been flagitious, though as the *Wall Street Journal* asserted last month, from 1980 to 1983 income-transfer payments grew from $283 billion to $408 billion. It derides Reaganite supply-side economics, though it makes perfect sense that a cut in taxes will spur economic activity. Consider the evidence. Up until now only the truly rich have had tax relief, and in fiscal year 1982 their economic activity picked up sufficiently to return the federal government 11 percent more from them in tax revenues than was expected. Now it is time for the middle-income working class to get a tax cut. If Speaker O'Neill cannot bear to witness these orgies let him join Michael Foot in retirement. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

PEDALPHILIA

I have been accosted in the public print by a maddened bicycle rider. I shall not divulge where the assault took place, for I do not want to encourage the fanatic. His enduring passion against me, however, is noteworthy. It is symptomatic of a widespread spiritual and political disorder that afflicts the West, accounting for—among other boons—Margaret Thatcher's huge victory last month, the disarray of Germany's Social Democrats, Ronald Reagan's palmy prospects, and much of the amusement that I derive from an otherwise near monastic existence. I

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refer to the religious fervor and political energy that the reform-minded zealot now drains off into trivia. He remains a pest, but think how much more dangerous he would be were he to forsake his absurd enthusiasm and become a cooperative, liberal Democrat willing to compromise.

Consider the militant bicycle riders —and here I have in mind solely the militants, not those who ride for recreation or out of economic hardship but those with the ulterior motive of making moral or political statements. There are more such fantasticos than you might think.

Over two-and-a-half-years ago, I wrote a column congratulating my favorite big city mayor, New York's illustrious Mayor Koch, for having grown and changed with the new decade. Bowing to reality, he had just ordered the removal of New York's dangerous bicycle-only lanes from city streets. The subsequent salvo against that column from militant bicycle riders was withering. No other group has ever put on such a riot against me in the correspondence sections of the great and patriotic institutions that carry this column, and bear in mind that in this space I have been dubious of over 750 other species of crank—not to mention both major political parties. It took weeks before normalcy returned.

Then last month came renewed assault from one of these two-wheeled McCarthyites. His point ran roughly: "If you think this Tyrrell fellow was unkind to cinema's phony Gandhi, witness his discourtesies to the noble bicycle some two-and-a-half-years ago." What I had written was of course very reasonable; hence his enduring gall.

Bicycles are dangerous. If it were not that Ralph Nader envisages them as a threat to Detroit he would have joined me years ago in putting them on the consumers' index of dangerous products. They are about as stable as a martini balanced on the forehead of a drunk. People fall off bicycles onto hard and congested pavement. People do not fall off Oldsmobiles, and the sturdy Olds has no handlebars to damage the soft, vulnerable parts of the body. Bicycles provide no protection to their riders, and their brakes are less reliable than those put on the Model T generations ago. Finally they are a threat to urban pedestrians and to that occasional canine companion who might be answering nature's call at curbside, for the bicycle is eerily silent while in motion and—face the facts—many urban bicycle riders glide along in a confused state owing to their heroic delusions or to airborne objects such as insects—bicycles do not have windshields!

With the passage of time and the accumulation of provocations I have come to the further judgment that reforming the bicycle is impossible. Urban cycling should be banned or greatly restricted. As often as possible, the urban cycler ought to adhere to the walk patterns of pedestrians, and in many situations he ought to be ordered to walk his bicycle. Though we often apply the laws governing motorists to the cyclist, he flouts these laws regularly; and, in truth, they do not apply. Bicycles are not autos. They are slow and unprotected. In brief, they are an anomaly, suited for neither the sidewalk nor the boulevard.

Let cyclists confine their pedaling to country lanes where it is probably useful for maintaining fitness, at least of one's cardiovascular system and the lower body. For all around fitness I still prescribe the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises, or better still a summer at Marine Corps boot camp. That would separate the fanatics from the wholesome riders, who surely exist. The fanatics could then move on to heliotherapy or some other such nonsense. We certainly do not want them to grow reasonable, not about politics and things that matter. □

HONEYMOONING AT WILLIAMSBURG

by Fred Barnes

Not to belittle President Reagan's performance last month at the economic summit in Williamsburg, Virginia, but the nearly unanimous praise that he received in the press was as much the result of shrewd White House schmoozing of reporters as it was of painstakingly objective assessment by the assembled American journalists of his dealings with the leaders of the six other industrialized democracies. Sometimes Presidents and their minions actually succeed in their relentless, obsessed efforts to shape the kind of news coverage the White House gets. It doesn't happen often, despite the inflated sense that some presidential aides have of their ability to influence the media. Enormous their ability isn't.

So how did they succeed this time? Basically, the stars were in the right alignment for a reasonably tranquil summit, whether Reagan was impressive in his contacts with the other six leaders or not. The economic summit of 1982 in Versailles had been rancorous—real issues were thrashed out and disagreed on—and this meant that the session this year was likely to be relatively harmonious. After all, bickering isn't exactly in the best interests of any of the leaders. Back-to-back summits marked by discord help nobody, except maybe the Soviets. Even François Mitterrand, the troubled French president who first blamed the American recession for his country's economic decline and now blames the American recovery, didn't want to be too noisy in his dissents this time.

In media terms, the point to remember here is that reporters demand harmony among allies; in fact, they often demand it among adversaries. I have always dated the end of the honeymoon period between President Jimmy Carter and the Washington press corps from that day in May 1977 when the Soviets responded loudly and negatively to his proposal for deep cuts in strategic nuclear weapons. This guy can't get along with the Soviets, the press concluded, which led to the more sweeping conclusion that Carter didn't have the foggiest idea what he was doing. True, the get-along standard makes no sense at all; a President can get along swimmingly with everyone, and especially the Soviets, if he knuckles under at every opportunity. But life and journalism don't always make sense. Carter may have been a poor President, but he was also treated unfairly by the press.

Given the likelihood of good relations at Williamsburg, all the White House needed to do was go with the flow. And as choreographed by William P. Clark, the national security adviser, and Michael K. Deaver, the deputy White House chief of staff, that is what happened. Clark planned and Deaver leaked. Wisely, Reagan aides didn't characterize his every action and utterance as heroic. Reporters had laughed derisively when they tried that at Versailles.

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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Nor did they attempt to quash every evidence of dissent from the President's viewpoint; they couldn't have achieved that anyway. If some disagreement doesn't pop up when two or more leaders are gathered together, reporters figure that they are being bamboozled. But if a little emerges—at Williamsburg, it was pious talk by Mitterrand and others about the awfulness of American deficits—the press is reassured and able to swallow the dominant theme of harmony.

One of the nicest touches devised by the White House was to have Reagan meet privately, meaning without aides, with his six colleagues and take notes on the session. This, of course, was aimed at doing battle with the notion of Reagan as a detached, aloof, basically out-of-it President, a notion popular with White House and diplomatic reporters. It's hard to imagine much of substance being accomplished in a meeting like that, but there's nothing wrong with a friendly chat. Afterwards, the seven came and walked down Duke of Gloucester Street, a lovely bit for television that benefited the British prime minister the most. The same day she appeared in a telegenic setting as the peer of world statesmen, her Labour opponent, Michael Foot, was on television warding off the bites of two dogs.

In judging how well the White House did in furthering favorable coverage, two myths must be dropped. One is that Presidents and staffs manipulate the press and manage the news. Not so. They'd love to do this if they could, and there are times in the honeymoon days of a fresh presidency when it is possible. Think back, for instance, to President Gerald Ford's appearance in his kitchen to toast a muffin for breakfast—as a platoon of photographers recorded the scene of thoughtful husbandhood. Network honchos complained when Nancy Reagan showed up last spring at a mini-press conference to give a birthday cake to her husband. But all the networks had to do was stop televising the event, and their correspondents didn't have to play along with the Reagans by gobbling pieces of cake. In any case, this was hardly egregious news management. When serious issues are at stake, the White House simply cannot manipulate the press. As two Carter Administration officials, Ben W. Heineman, Jr. and Curtis A. Hessler, noted in their book, *Memorandum for the President:* "Although the media have traditionally been independent and critical of government, media attitudes now are unrelentingly adversarial."

The second myth is that reporters really know what's going on at events like economic summits. Believe me, they don't. Assessing how well a President does in these meetings is something less of an exact science than reading entrails. It is largely guesswork. Of course, this doesn't stop the press from arriving, on the basis of the skimpiest sort of evidence, at the broadest generalities and judgments. The issues aren't too divisive, the resolutions are noncontroversial, the public statements by the participants are upbeat, the private briefings are less so, but still no one assails the President—hence, he did a marvelous job and the summit was a breathtaking success. The truth may be otherwise, say, that while the meeting went smoothly, the other six leaders found Reagan to be a lightweight and a lousy notetaker. Or perhaps the issues were thorny, the resolutions controversial, the statements and briefings none too sweet-sounding. Indeed, the truth may be that the President stood forcefully for principle—that is, exerted real leadership—and made

The Optimum Shape

Researchers at the General Motors Research Laboratories have developed the first integrated system for computer design of mechanical parts with minimum mass. Optimal Shape Generation automatically optimizes the component shape in a single computer run.

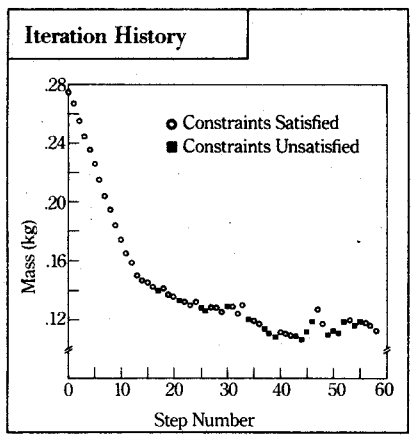
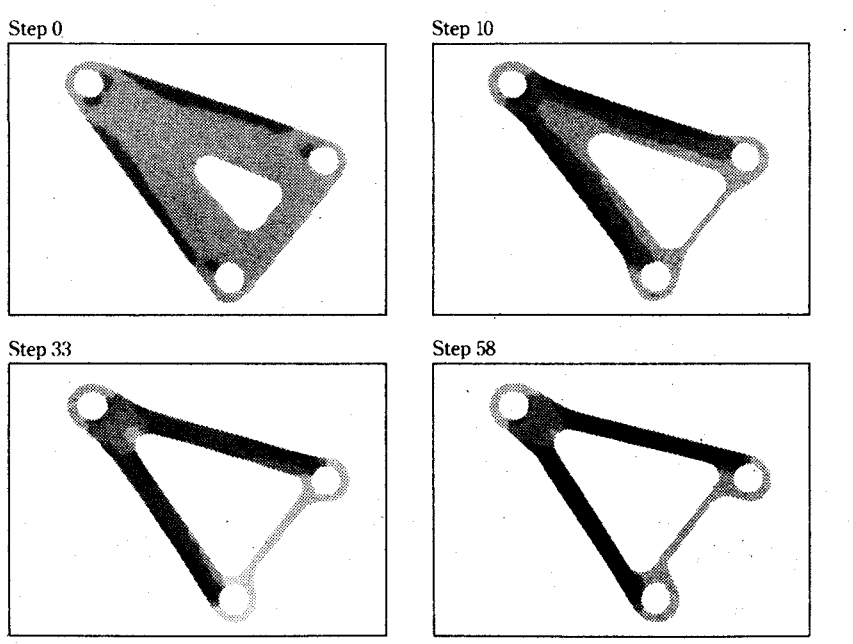


Figure 1: Decreasing mass plotted as a function of design iterations for the component shown in Figure 2.

Figure 2: Black-and-white photographs of shapes which appear in color on the CRT screen. Increasing darkness indicates increasing stress levels within the design limits.



COMPUTER-AIDED design systems automate the processes of generating geometric data and engineering drawings of parts, but they do not determine whether these parts meet structural performance requirements. In an ongoing research project at the General Motors Research Laboratories, a system has been developed that automatically ensures that the design meets structural performance constraints. More important, Optimal Shape Generation provides the component shape with the minimum mass capable of satisfying structural demands in a single computer run, without requiring human interaction with the machine.

In the last two decades, extensive research has been done in the area of computer design of structural components. Most of this work has focused on individual aspects of the process. Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin have succeeded in integrating the process from description of the model through convergence to the optimum solution.

Conventional systems continue distinctions characteristic of age-old "build and test" methods by separating the tasks of design generation and design analysis. Typically, a "designer" uses one computer system to produce engineering drawings of a given part. The task then shifts to an "evaluator" who creates a mathematical model with which to test the design on another computer system. The evaluator determines only whether or not the design meets the requirements. A lengthy interaction between the designer and the evaluator is required to optimize the design. Optimal Shape Generation integrates the process from design generation through design optimization. The system can generate the mathematical model from the design data as the shape changes without requiring additional input, thereby turning the process from a multiperson, multimachine operation into a one-person, one-machine operation.

Since there is no interaction beyond the initial input, a flexible description of the problem is crucial to effective use of the system. The researchers responded to this challenge by developing a geometric format based on a parametric description of the boundary. Defining the problem with geometric data is desirable because it describes the shape of the part in a

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the best out of a tough situation. The press would conclude, though, as it did at Versailles, that the President flopped and the summit failed.

Shift back to the White House gang now. If they can't manipulate, at least they can provide a good setting for the President and fill in a few of the blanks for fact-hungry reporters. This was done brilliantly, getting across the idea of heavy, undetached Reagan involvement in the summit. Two days before the summit began, Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* wrote that "President Reagan has given the gathering his personal stamp, taking on an unusually ambitious role as host, chairman, moderator, notetaker and reporter on the proceedings." What, no time-out for a nap? Reagan had written informal letters—you know, "Dear François" —to the other leaders, "bypassing the corps of diplomats and economic specialists that normally prepare the annual gatherings." Later, at the summit, Smith reported details such as the color of the pencil (blue) with which Reagan took notes.

The *Washington Post* overplayed the news that Reagan had failed to extinguish all fears about the impact of American deficits, bannering that revelation rather than the far more significant agreement among the allies that the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe should proceed if Soviet and American negotiators fail to reach an arms accord. By the next day, the *Post* had changed its tune. Its major assessment piece, by White House reporter Lou Cannon, dealt with the arms statement, not deficits. "Avoiding what some of his advisers acknowledged could have been 'a disaster,' President Reagan impressed the other western leaders at the ninth economic summit here with his careful preparation and determination to come away with a statement of support for his approach to nuclear arms control." The TV networks were unusually kind to Reagan, too. Thomas Oliphant of the *Boston Globe* flagged the emergence of "a conservative consensus" on most issues, even the economy, among the leaders at the summit. *U.S. News & World Report* declared the Western alliance "more united than it has been for years" after the summit.

Not bad for a Memorial Day weekend's work. And the hosannas for Reagan also contributed to the slow lifting of the cloud that obscured, at least to reporters, his improving political prospects. Reporters in Washington, like cuckolded husbands the last to know, started to sense that the President might be rolling toward re-election. Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post* went so far as to posit that "the conventional wisdom" had become that re-election was inevitable. Then, Kaiser sought to shoot down this idea, only in doing so he laid out rather compellingly the evidence buttressing the Reagan-wins-again talk. More telling was the encounter Jerome R. Watson, the capable Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Sun-Times,* had with George McGovern. "I think he [Reagan] is turning it around," McGovern told Watson. "If the election were held today, he'd win in a walk." Watson tended to agree with the McGovern analysis. "Reagan surely is a potentially strong candidate, despite his miserable record on unemployment and profound alienation of some voting groups (blacks, for example)," he wrote. Amid the Williamsburg plaudits and new respect for his political skills, there lurks a problem for Reagan. If the press begins to report that he's a shoo-in in 1984, that should make Reagan and his underlings wonder. When has the press been right in its year-before prognostications? Not mighty damn often. □

form directly suitable for conceptual visualization.

Because the boundary geometric description must be transformed into an analysis model not once but several times, some type of automatic finite element mesh generation is required. The researchers adapted a mesh generation technique which divides a closed region into triangular elements based on a discrete description of the boundary. The sizes of the elements of the mesh are determined by a characteristic length selected for each problem and are related to the need for accurately describing the geometry. Automatic triangulation is used to create a set of connectivities for the discrete points placed uniformly throughout the part's interior with approximately the same density as the boundary points. The combination of boundary data description and automatic mesh generation permits the system to accommodate major changes in shape from the initial design.

ADEQUACY of the triangular meshes to calculate accurate stress levels was next addressed by the development of an adaptive mesh refinement scheme. By evaluating the solution for the uniform mesh created by the choice of characteristic length and identifying areas where the strain energy density changes rapidly, the system selects the areas of the mesh that require mesh refinement. These refinements can take the form of either adding elements in the area to be refined or increasing the order of the finite element polynomial interpolation. The former approach has been taken, because it can be implemented automatically and does not require the formulation of new finite elements.

The culmination of the process introduces an optimization routine which directs the design toward a minimum mass configuration. A mathematical optimization technique is used to change the design to that shape giving minimum mass within the structural constraints. This optimization technique is based upon a sequential first-order Taylor series approximation of the constraints and a feasible directions solution of the problem. Periodic mesh refinements are performed throughout the optimization, since the design is continually changing, and the system must predict the stresses and the behavior of the constraints as the design changes.

"By taking an integrated approach," says Dr. Bennett, "we're able to combine the objectives of reducing the mass of the material and meeting structural performance requirements in a single automatic system."

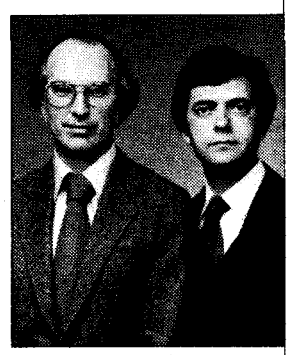
"We expect," adds Dr. Botkin, "that in the future this technique will become the standard way of designing structural components."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK



Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin are members of the Engineering Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Bennett holds the title of Assistant Department Head. He attended the University of Michigan as an undergraduate and received his graduate degrees from the same institution in the field of aerospace engineering. His Ph.D. thesis concerned non-linear vibrations. Before coming to General Motors in 1973, he taught aeronautical and astronautical engineering at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Botkin is a Staff Research Engineer. He received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Missouri at Rolla. His graduate work was in the field of civil engineering, and his doctoral thesis concerned structural optimization. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he worked for four years as a consultant to computer applications engineers.

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Tom Bethell

ERIC HOFFER, R.I.P.

Stopping by the old man's aerie for one last visit.

Eric Hoffer, the longshoreman philosopher whose first book *The True Believer* caused a stir among intellectuals when it was published in 1951, died in San Francisco on May 21. President Reagan awarded him the Presidential Medal of Freedom earlier this year. Hoffer was both subscriber and contributor to *The American Spectator.* His parents were recent immigrants from Alsace, living in the Bronx, when Eric was born at the turn of the century.

When he was five years old his mother fell down a flight of stairs while carrying Eric. Two years later she died and he went blind. Eric remembered his father referring to him as "the blind idiot." He attended no school, recovered his sight when he was 15, and began to read omnivorously. In 1920 he went to California and stayed there for the rest of his life, rarely leaving the state. A few minutes in a Mexican border town was his only trip abroad.

While working part-time as an agricultural worker and gold prospector, Hoffer discovered Montaigne's *Essays* in a public library. He learned whole passages by heart and would recite them to his fellow hoboes in the San Joaquin Valley. The Bible he read for the first time when he was 27, and this had a greater influence. The Jewish nation and its role in history preoccupied him for the rest of his life. God, he said, was simply an invention of the Jews, but at the table Eric always asked someone to say grace.

With the outbreak of World War II Hoffer found steady employment with the longshoremen's union, then headed by Harry Bridges. Hoffer began to fill small notebooks, slowly piecing together *The True Believer.* He sent his only copy of the manuscript, in longhand, to Harper & Row, receiving a telegram of acceptance several months later. But he knew it by heart anyway, he said.

It was a *tour de force,* favorably reviewed by Bertrand Russell. Hoffer would later become immensely antagonistic toward intellectuals, but he was one himself in many respects. *The True Believer* was the work of a "born generalizer," as Richard Rovere said. "Faith in a holy cause is to a considerable extent a substitute for the lost faith in ourselves," Hoffer wrote—a one-sentence synopsis of *The True Believer.*

A later work, *Before the Sabbath,* first attracted me to Hoffer. Here current events provided the stimulus for his thoughts about life. He returned frequently to the anti-Americanism of the intelligentsia, attributing it to "leprous vanity . . . pretentious nonentities wanting to avenge themselves for being ignored." I wanted to meet him and so wrote, receiving a welcoming reply in his artless looping hand. "Come any time," he said. "We shall eat, drink, and talk." Referring to a query I have now forgotten he added: "As to Russia: she will not change so long as the Occident remains dynamic. Only when the West declines and becomes negligible will Russia venture to experiment."

I met him in the lobby of the Raphael Hotel, San Francisco, in October 1980, just three weeks before President Reagan's election. Eric Hoffer was the old laboring man, sitting there in the corner, an "Andy Capp" hat on his head and clasping in his knobbly hands a walking stick between his knees. We walked down the street to a coffee shop at the corner of Mason and Geary. Hoffer spoke in a strong Bavarian accent. "It grows thicker as I grow older," he said. I was struck by the contrast between his literary and his personal style. To read Hoffer you would think he was a mild theoretician in retreat from the world. In person he was an energetic table-thumper, a passionate advocate of causes, vehement, excitable, argumentative, a "fanatic," as he told me later. He was himself part true believer, part individualist. His great cause was one rarely articulated by intellectuals in America: America itself.

"Do you know," he told me as we sat down, "I was never accepted by the San Francisco literary establishment. It was because I have praised America extravagantly." He seemed not offended by this, but offered it as a specimen of opinion for my consideration. We ordered coffee and as we waited he demurred at something that I had said to the effect that America might now be in decline. He thought this was premature.

"America is a fabulous country," he said loudly. Heads at the lunch counter began to crane around in our direction. "It's not so conspicuous because the jetsam and the dirt are all on the surface. I remember when I first started to think about writing a book. I was going to go through my life and write down all the kindnesses done, right from the beginning. It is a really fabulous country. Consider the lengths people will go to come here. And who built this country? Really nobodies. Nobodies. Tramps."

I said that I worried that an alliance of intellectuals, wedded to government power, was slowly getting the grip that had so long eluded them.

"Well," he replied, "we'll see what Reagan does." He spoke highly of Reagan, saying that he had always been underestimated, just like America. "It is easy to underestimate America," he said. "We underestimate it, our friends underestimate it, our enemies thank God underestimate it. But somehow there is a tremendous vigor in this country. It is true that our intellectuals are becoming much more influential. They are shaping public opinion, and so on. But that won't last. There will be a reaction against it. For years I

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wondered how and when the silent majority is going to wake up. And I didn't take the factor of religion into account. That's a beautiful situation right now. You see, there used to be a time when you had great leaders everywhere: here was de Gaulle, here was Churchill, here was Adenauer. Then all of a sudden there wasn't a great man on this planet. How come? What happened?"

As we entered the restaurant he put on a *bon vivant* display, which may have been a pose. One sensed that he was indifferent to material comforts. But he was greatly amused because the restaurant, a fashionable one, was externally "French" but actually owned and run by Chinese—a people he much admired and wished would come to America in far greater numbers.

God, he said, was simply an invention of the Jews, but at the table Eric always asked someone to say grace.

Puffing on a cigarette, he then said: "You see, you are going to have great leaders if it is possible to have power. But when the sources of power are so inconspicuous and so hard to manipulate, then leaders do not appear. Right now religion is the only source of power that's there. You have Pope John Paul, you have the Ayatollah Khomeini, you have them popping all over. And Reagan too is now tapping a religious strain."

He told me that he was working on a book he would call *Conversations with Quotations*. "If you ever come to my room you'll see. I have just an enormous number of cards. All my life I used to write down anything that I thought I wanted to remember. So I've got a thousand or maybe two thousand quotations. And every time, after that quotation, I am going to talk to that man."

It was soon time for Eric's longtime friend Lili Osborne to pick us up in her car. We would be going to a restaurant opposite the apartment building where he lived, overlooking the San Francisco docks. Lili turned out to be a motherly woman of Italian background, a schoolteacher, who had known Eric for about thirty years. Eric sat beside her and pointed out a Unitarian Church. "That's where all the radicals who have lost faith in radicalism go," he said. Then for some reason he thought about the Pope. If he had a chance to meet him he would say: "Go slow! The church has lasted so long. It has discovered the secret of survival."

As we drove toward the waterfront he said: "We forgot all about the human condition. We forgot what evil is. With Burke there is still a whiff of evil, in *Reflections on the French Revolution*. But with Freud all we need is a little screwing. The man was a pervert I tell you. He admitted that he brainwashed little girls into saying that they wanted to play with him. He wants to infect us with his own sickness and then offer psychoanalysis as a cure."

The conversation soon turned to a recent CBS documentary about the rising political power of homosexuals in San Francisco. The producer, George Crile, had interviewed Hoffer for the program but had not used the footage, to the relief of Lili, who was worried about the hostility his remarks might evoke. What concerned Hoffer was the increasing shamelessness and militancy of homosexuals:

"There cannot be civilized living without shame," he said, as slim waiters flitted by. "Shame means the acceptance of rules that cannot be enforced by coercion. If you have a shameless society you haven't got a society at all—for instance in Russia. You accuse your father, your mother. Everybody accuses his friend. There is no shame, and no society. All you've got is a conglomerate of people held together by coercion. Hesiod has a beautiful saying: when the Goddess of Shame will depart, our society will fall apart. This is what bothered me about homosexuality: they were not ashamed to admit it. And they want to convert people to their oun thinking." (He pronounced "own" to rhyme with "noun.")

"Something different has happened in . . ." Lili began.

"All of a sudden our values are breaking down," Hoffer said, "our norms are breaking down, and the rats are coming up from everywhere. They are a symptom of disintegration and decadence. I don't know if we can reverse it. The question always comes now, can we reverse things. It's an uphill battle. Of course, they always fall back on the Greeks. But the Greeks were a different kind of homosexual. There is a tremendous violence going hand in hand with the homosexuality in San Francisco. There is violence in the act there. They are hurting each other . . ."

There was a swish at Hoffer's elbow, and a man with a menu said: "As an entrée tonight I have angler . . ."

"Nothing is too good for us, remember that," said Hoffer. "I am floating through the air with the greatest of ease. It is good to be alive. Count your blessings."

Hoffer lived alone in a tenth-floor efficiency apartment overlooking the waterfront and San Francisco Bay. It was spartan, but sufficient: bunk bed, table, a couple of chairs, and a small bookcase containing only a few favorites: Dostoyevsky, Montaigne, his own books (with some foreign translations of *The True Believer*). He kept up with the *New York Times*, the *Jerusalem Post* (weekly edition), *Commentary*, the *Economist*, several other publications, but recently had had an eye operation and found reading difficult. The view from his balcony brought back memories for Eric: he said he could smell his own sweat. But he was not in a reminiscing mood today. He was holding one of his index cards, and he was trying to fathom, as though for the hundredth time, the quotation written on it:

"America is the most aggressive power in the world, the greatest threat to peace, to national self-determination, and to international cooperation. What America needs is not dissent but denazification."
—Noam Chomsky

"Now," he said. "What do you do? This was during the heat of the Vietnam thing, I suppose. What do you do? You try to understand why they say these things. What do you think, Tom? You know them better than I do. You have been rubbing your brain against them. What is it that makes a man who is highly intelligent say such a thing? They call him a metaphysical grammarian. He was invited by Oxford to lecture. He couldn't be just a fraud. He's a very successful, prospering intellectual. What I know about his past is that he grew up in a highly orthodox Jewish household. Indeed he says that all his ideas about grammar emerged from his familiarity with Hebrew grammar. He was born in this country. Somebody told me that he is good looking. I've been asking people about him, you know. Not only does he side with our enemies, he sides with the enemies of Israel: Arabs, Palestinians, dissenters in Israel. I am trying to say something reasonable, and what I probably will say will be this:

"Chomsky loves power. He is also convinced of his superiority over any politician or businessman alive in the United States. He sees the world being run by inferior people, by people who make money, by people without principle or ideology. He thinks that capitalism is for lowbrows, you see, and that intelligent people should have a superior form of socialism, and so anybody who interferes with this program is a criminal."

Hoffer went to sit on his bed. "Tom," he said, "what gives people like him the confidence that they really know everything, that they are superior to everybody else? Just knowledge does not give confidence. If you went to school and you looked at your professors you would see that the brighter they were the less confident they were that they knew everything. There's something *else* here, something else . . ."

Then, reflecting on the amazing ungratefulness of some who have done well in America, Hoffer said:

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"Gratefulness is not a natural thing. There are two sorts of people coming to America: both were nothing before they came, and both made good. One will say, I came as a barefoot boy, and look where I am now. What a good country it is. The other will say, I came as a barefoot boy, and look where I am now. What a bunch of idiots they must be. He sees his own rise as evidence of others' inferiority.

"America set the table for me."

"There was a prototype for all this in Vienna," he went on, "toward the end of the Hapsburg Empire, before World War I. There was a group of very brilliant people, Jews and non-Jews, who were just glorying in the approaching doom. They knew that the doom of the world was just around the corner. And I couldn't figure out how intelligent people, who liked to eat the good food of Vienna and sleep with the beautiful women of Vienna, should derive such tremendous pleasure from contemplating the approaching doom. And the answer is the same: they were so convinced that they were the fittest men to run the world that they wanted with all their hearts to wipe the floor and start from scratch. And they would show us how the world should be run."

Hoffer put the card down and said: "Well, I don't know. Maybe I should throw out Chomsky and not have any business with him. But he needs explaining. How come this hostility on the one hand, and this confidence on the other? Imagine what a disaster it was when we had the Depression and Roosevelt, that crippled aristocrat, got into power and he had a whole bunch of these chomskies and bomskies around him, telling him how to do things, and these people didn't have the *least idea* what this country was all about. They knew that it wasn't built right, they called our Constitution a horse and buggy thing, and so everything had to be reformed. What a disaster that these intellectual swine had such a free hand! Roosevelt is a watershed in American history. The time will come that American history will be divided into B.R. and A.R. Before Roosevelt, if something went wrong, you blamed yourself. After Roosevelt, you blamed the system—everybody but yourself."

He suggested that I pick another card from the file, directing me to Arthur Bryant, the English historian (they were only indexed up to C). He told me to read it aloud: "There has never been a time in history when the Jews have not been news. And the periods during which the Jews have occupied and dominated Palestine have been the most exciting and significant in man's sojourn on this planet."

Eric gave a little sigh of pleasure. "Here you have a Wasp, an Anglo-Saxon, with not a drop of Jewish blood in him, saying something that no Jewish chauvinist would dare say." He emitted a neighing peal of laughter. "This is something else that I can't explain," he said, puzzled once again. "The uniqueness of the Jews. I can describe their uniqueness, but why they became what they are I don't know. It's the greatest mystery in the world for me, and I have been preoccupied with the Jews since 1929. It's a special thing to be a Jew, and this is what most Jews don't know. They think they are like others, but they are not."

Hoffer said he had been invited to Israel many times but didn't want to go because he was afraid he would be "disappointed by reality." He said he knew the country "the way I know the palm of my hand. I can describe how you land in Jaffa or Haifa and how you go to Jerusalem. I can describe the road exactly, as if I was there. Of course, I have seen photographs."

He fell silent for a while, and seemed to be quite tired. He lay down on his bed. "The Jews have the atomic bomb," he said, "and they're going to use it if cornered." He thought for a minute and added: "I don't think Egypt will attack Israel there. The only place I . . . I think Russia will somehow stumble into it. If, let's say, Syria starts something, and the Israelis get in there and wipe the floor with Syria, then the Russians might send an army in and start to order the Israelis around. And the Israelis will say: What the hell. Let's see who blows up whom." (In the last year of his life, according to Lili, Eric Hoffer became increasingly preoccupied with the Middle East as several of his suppositions came true.)

Six months later I again went to see Eric Hoffer in his apartment. His health had deteriorated. He said he wanted me to entertain him a little, to read him a few pages from *The Idiot.* Then he wondered what they thought of Reagan in Washington? He groaned when I said "simplistic," and lay on his bed, his eyes closed. I thought he was asleep when the doorman rang the buzzer and announced that an old friend had come to see him: Selden Osborne. Eric came to life immediately, sat up, and told me that here was an interesting fellow: a "true believer," he said—someone he had known for years and years. They had worked together as longshoremen on the waterfront down below. "A doctrinaire socialist," said Eric, just before Selden came into the room.

Selden was perhaps ten years younger than Hoffer, slim and well preserved, with a trim beard. He was wearing a light khaki safari outfit.

"I was an active participant in the union," he explained to me. "Eric was more of an observer. The table was laid for him."

"I appreciated it," said Eric.

"Eric was violently anti-Communist, but he gave credit to Harry Bridges," said Selden. "Bridges was afraid of educated longshoremen."

"No, he was afraid of longshoremen he couldn't use," said Eric who was very much himself again.

"Eric always said that America is the country of the common man," said Selden. "I disagree. It's the most imperialistic country of all. Also the union under Bridges. I favored democracy in the union. Eric said it wasn't so important. Do you remember that, Eric? You said you never grew up with a sense of democracy because you never went to school."

Eric leaned forward on the bed, and through the window you could see the sailboats in San Francisco Bay leaning over in parallel. "Repeat what you said," he demanded. It was as though the years and decades had fallen away, and they were back together, arguing on the waterfront.

Selden repeated it and said: "I think that the leadership of this country is hellbent to rule the world."

"His antagonism to this country is because it doesn't give him a role in leadership," Eric explained. "It's very difficult to become a leader . . ."

"Unless you have a lot of money."

"Noooooo-o-o-o. Bridges didn't have no money. You're not a democrat, Selden. You're an exclusivist. You resent any setup where an ignorant son of a bitch can run for office and get elected."

Then Eric lay back down on his bed, coughing.

"Take Truman," he said after a while. "He was an ignoramus and yet he made a good President. To me these things are all miracles." He challenged Selden to name a better country.

"Better country? I couldn't say. I might have said Australia or New Zealand. There is some advantage to a parliamentary form of government."

"I learned from Selden all the time," said Eric. "I classified him as a fanatic." He added that fanatics were often important and that "if you have a real cause that needs fighting you had better get some fanatics. You won't win without them."

"In those days I was a dissident Trotskyite," said Selden. "I remember I once took Eric to hear Max Schachtman. Most of the educated longshoremen were followers of Bridges. Bridges was a Communist and Eric anti-Communist. The union paper never acknowledged his existence."

"I never spoke a word to Bridges," said Eric from his bed. Then he sat up finally and said: "I don't want to be nitpicking. But in my case it was not Bridges but America that set the table for me. I asked Lili to put on my tombstone: 'The good that came to him was undeserved.' Many times I had ignorant people correct me. I never found a common man who would agree with Henry Adams that America was created by a bunch of crooks. It was always axiomatic for the common man: America was the last stop. If you couldn't make it here, you couldn't make it nowhere. It's a sort of treason to complain about America. Selden's disagreement was crucial. But I love him."

I left with Selden. As we walked toward the center of the city he told me: "My whole concern today is disarmament." There was a place where some friends of his lived, about fifty miles down the coast, set among the redwoods: an old property with a goodly acreage. He would be going there in a week or two, and they would have some good discussions about disarmament. He told me that he had gone to Stanford University, and had joined the longshoremen's

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union because he then believed that the revolution would originate with the working class. But he knew now that he had been mistaken in that belief. As for Eric Hoffer, Selden said: "All his conclusions are wrong —every one of them. But he writes beautifully and he asks the right questions."

That evening I was in the car again with Eric and Lili, driving back to his apartment, where she would make up his lunch for the next day, and then leave him to contemplate his index cards in his customary solitude. Eric mentioned the hopeless impasse of argument with Selden. Neither could ever persuade the other of anything. "Selden is so anti-American that it frightens you," he said. "Born and raised in America. If anyone is for America it should be him."

There was silence and then Eric turned to me and asked: "Do you think he likes me—deep down?"

I hesitated. Lili, who was married to Selden, turned the wheel of the car and the topic of conversation by saying: "He has gone to jail for what he believes."

"Of course, ready to sacrifice himself for the cause," said Eric gripping his stick once again between his knees.

"Not many people are willing to die for what they believe."

"Lili, I have told you a hundred times. It is easy to die for what you believe. What is hard is to live for what you believe." □

John Lukacs

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BENITO

"You're the top! You're the Great Houdini!
You're the top! You're Mussolini!"
—Cole Porter (unexpurgated)

Benito Mussolini was born one hundred years ago, on the twenty-ninth of July in 1883, in the year Karl Marx had died. This chronological coincidence is meaningful because Mussolini was a post-Marxist thinker who became a national leader and a European statesman. His break with Marxism—more precisely, his recognition of the failure of the Marxian view of politics and history —came in 1914. The significance of this event has not been adequately appreciated by historians, not to speak of other intellectuals and political theorists who have been arriving at their post-Marxist phase in droves fifty, sixty, seventy years after Mussolini.

Mussolini was the son of an Italian radical: and he remained an Italian radical throughout his life. Italy was finally united in 1870, an event that changed the political map of Europe as drastically as did the unification of Germany a few months later. Yet the unification of Italy was, in many ways, deceptive, whereas the unification of Germany was not. Unlike Germany, Italy remained a beautiful, poor, and backward country, riven by enormous regional differences, composed—or, rather, uncomposed—of social classes whose standards and ways of life were hopelessly distant from each other, a nation barely held together by the thin and corroding hoopwork of bureaucrats and politicians, among whose people the rate of illiteracy in 1900 was among the highest in Europe.

This illiteracy was counterbalanced by the quick and acute intelligence of the Italian mind. During Mussolini's youth this became increasingly evident in the creations of modern Italian literature and music; after 1900 it was manifested in modern Italian design, architecture, technology. The political manifestations of this rising spirit were around the corner. When Mussolini was still in his cradle, the Italian statesman Crispi wrote: "Italy has been constituted, but the national soul is wanting in energy: what is missing is the man who will inspire it and direct it to the path of those audacious virtues that are the proofs of the greatness of a nation. Will we see the rise of such a man? I so hope." When Mussolini was seven years old, the nationalist Alfredo Oriani wrote that while the monarchical form of Italian government was still reactionary, the revolutionary Italian spirit had produced two of the greatest men of the century, Napoleon and Garibaldi: the government was still ahead of the nation but the latter would soon surpass the former. When Mussolini was still a callow youth, Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote in a poem: "From your poor land, Italy/will there rise a new hero/of bitter peasant blood?"

Much later, when he was the lawmaker and dictator of Italy, biographers traced Mussolini's ancestry to all kinds of noble families in Bologna and Venice. To Emil Ludwig he said in 1932: "All this does not interest me in the least. Only one of my ancestors interests me: there was a Mussolini in Venice who killed his wife who had betrayed him; and before fleeing he put two Venetian *scudi* on her chest to pay for her funeral. This is how the people of Romagna are, from whom I descend."

The people of Romagna were radicals, and on occasion revolutionaries. So was Mussolini's father, a simple worker who had taught himself how to read and write: a Socialist. He named his son Benito, after the Mexican revolutionary Benito Juarez who had the Emperor Maximilian executed in 1867. It was as if one hundred years later an Italian radical had named his son Fidel, after Castro.

During the first thirty years of his life Benito Mussolini followed in his father's ideological footsteps. He was a radical, on occasion a revolutionary,

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a Socialist; he was poor, bitter, headstrong, and determined. Unlike many others of his kind, he was a voracious reader. When he went to seek work in Switzerland, "I carried my bible in my pocket: Marx." He also admired Nietzsche.

From 1898 to 1913 strikes, revolutionary agitation, and occasional assassinations were more widespread in Italy than in any other European nation, perhaps excepting Russia; and among the Socialist parties of Europe the Italian one was the most radical, at least rhetorically so. Within its ranks Mussolini rose rapidly, because of his intelligence and writing ability. He was not yet thirty when he became the editor-in-chief of the Italian Socialist newspaper *Avanti,* an extraordinary achievement in a country where even among radicals the customary respect for age left few important positions open for young people, no matter how talented.

Yet it was then, at the very time of his virtual leadership of Italian Socialists, that Mussolini began to recognize the shortcomings and the outdated materialist categories of Marx. In addition to his materialist and utilitarian view of human nature Marx utterly failed to recognize the main phenomenon of the late modern age: the emergence of the modern *nation* to which Marx paid no attention at all, having confused and subsumed it within his mental category of the *state*. Mussolini recognized, as early as 1911, that he was not only a Socialist but an *Italian* Socialist; that the struggle of nations (which Marx had conveniently ignored) was at least as important as the struggle of classes. In the fatal year of 1914, these recognitions in Mussolini's mind crystallized further. Now he realized that he was an Italian first and a Socialist consequently; and that nationality and class not only were components of equal importance in modern consciousness but the first was more profound and more important than the second.

The development—or, more exactly, the unraveling—of the international Socialist movement in 1914 proved Mussolini right. It was then that the bankruptcy—the practical, and not only the moral, bankruptcy—of Marxism became evident: evident, that is, to those who did not see only what they wanted to see. Before World War I, for the first time in the history of mankind, there were large Socialist parties in Germany, Sweden, France, and other European nations. For the first time in history the majority of the working classes in these nations had learned how to read and write and vote. Their leaders therefore reasoned that war had now become impossible: that the ruling classes could no longer lead passive and unwitting millions of people to slaughter; that a German worker had much more in common with a French worker than with a German banker or with a German general. They were wrong. It was the rulers of Europe's states that declared war on each other: but the masses of the nations swept into the war with enthusiasm. Save for a few men and women, most of the Socialists allowed themselves to be swept along by that kind of enthusiasm, especially in Germany, the fatherland of Marxism.

Mussolini saw what this meant. It confirmed his rising contempt and impatience with the theoretical babblings of the Socialist International. They were a bunch of old women, he thought, and said. Their rhetorical commitments to international pacifism were abstract and ineffectual. After the battle of the Marne Mussolini saw that the chance for Italy had come to regain her last Italian-populated territories from the old Austrian empire, *Italia irredenta.* In October 1914 he wrote his famous editorial article, with the title "Audacia!" (borrowed from Danton), calling for the preparation of Italy's entry into the war. He knew that he would be read out of the Italian Socialist party for this; and so he was. In his tumultuous last speech to them he said that in their hearts they knew that he was right. In sum, Mussolini realized—though he did not use this term—that he was a national socialist not an international one. Thereafter the entire history of the twentieth century proved that international Socialism and international Communism are chimeras; there are only national Socialists and national Communists in our world, a lesson that all kinds of people, including President Reagan and his advisers, have yet to learn.

When Mussolini returned from his soldiering in the war (like Hitler, he was wounded at the front) Italy was in a sorry mess. Even though she ended up among the victors, her nationalist aspirations were partially frustrated by Wilson, and her social problems were as grave as ever. It was then, and then only—in 1919—that Mussolini proclaimed himself a "Fascist" and founded the Fascist party in Milan. In this respect he was ahead of Hitler, who was seven years younger than Mussolini, and whose political career began only in 1919, nearly twenty years after that of Mussolini. Hitler would eventually create the most terrifyingly powerful National Socialist party and movement in the world: but Hitler was not the creator of the idea of Germanic National Socialism, and not even of the small National Socialist party that he joined in 1919 and eventually took over. Unlike Hitler, Mussolini was the creator and founder of Fascism. (The word "fascio" appeared among Sicilian workers as early as 1892 but it had not crystallized into a political party, let alone a mass movement.) And Mussolini's rise to power was even more startling and quick than Hitler's would be. Within three years his small splinter gathering in Milan swelled into a national movement, and in October 1922 the King and the army leaders of Italy chose to bend before the threatening swelling of that movement, of a "March on Rome" of the Blackshirts. (Garibaldi —who, like Marx, died within a year from the day Mussolini was born—had been the first to vest his followers with colored shirts, red in his case. (The King made Mussolini prime minister of Italy.)

Mussolini, like Hitler a decade later, realized that in order to reach this kind of power, he had to become more respectable and less revolutionary: that he could and should not risk the hostility of the established powers of Italian society and state. He wanted, and got, the support of the nationalists and the conservatives. Between 1919 and 1922 he abandoned his opposition to the Italian monarchy; instead of a republican revolutionary he became the head of a great nationalist movement. This progress was assisted by the demagoguery of the Socialists and Communists whose violent agitation and disruption of life in Italy in 1921 approached the conditions of anarchy that had befallen Russia in 1917, the collapse of law and order before the Bolshevik Revolution. The quick and effective interventions of the tightly organized Fascist squads galvanized the national opposition to that kind of anarchy. They attracted the admiration of many outsiders, including even such genuine pacifists and liberals as Stefan Zweig who remembered it as late as 1941, as an anti-Nazi exile in Brazil. Instead of the reputation of a dangerous revolutionary, Mussolini had acquired the reputation of a modern and efficient defender and proponent of law and order.

That reputation was insufficiently warranted. After he became prime minister, brutality became the occasional monopoly of the Fascists, protected by Mussolini and condoned by his government. The rule of order returned to Italy; the rule of law only on occasion. In 1925 Matteotti, the moderate and respected leader of the Italian Socialist party, was murdered by Fascists in a cowardly manner. The subsequent public reaction almost brought Mussolini down. The inefficiency, the opportunism, and the cowardice of the anti-Fascist politicians saved him. He saw again what he had recognized a few years before: that the leftist as well as the Liberal opposition to the Fascists was long on rhetoric and short on resoluteness. By 1926 he transformed his prime ministership into dictatorship. Freedom of the press and the freedom of much of political life in Italy ceased to exist. He had become the *Duce.*

This corresponded with the emergence of the—in retrospect—unsavory side of his character. Mussolini was modest in his personal

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wants; but he was also impatient and violent in his quest for fame. He was contemptuous of the shallowness of much of political oratory; but he was not immune to the temptations of grandiloquence. He had many of the qualities of a realistic statesman who understood history; but he was fatally attracted to military display and the glorious trappings of war. He was, unlike the Marxists, a believer and a propagator of the traditional virtues of the family; but he was also a determined and successful womanizer. These dual elements were there in his character from the beginning of his conscious life, throughout which alternately one or the other side came to prevail. When he assumed power in 1922, and for some years thereafter, the world was charmed by his simplicity and determination and intelligence. He wore the dark and sometimes ill-fitting clothes of the petty bourgeoisie; his enormous brown eyes shone out of the sensitive face of an Italian of good peasant stock; on his large bald head he wore a *bombetta,* a big derby, a black pot of a hat, and spats on his large ungainly black shoes. There was something engaging in the external appearance of this national leader: a simple man in the uncomfortable clothes of the provincial middle class. But after 1926 he began to prefer something else: be began to appear in riding boots, self-designed uniforms, martial berets. The women (of many nationalities) who flocked to him, attracted as they were by the smell of virility and power and fame, were admitted to his office in the late afternoons, day after day. He would throw them on the floor and possess them without removing his trousers or, presumably, his boots.

That, however, was only one side of his life. He had done more than make the Italian railroads run on time. He gave the impression—an impression not devoid of substance—that his Italy was now a land and a people emerging from under the clouds, a peninsula of sunshine; indeed, that the time had come for Italy to take her place under the sun. He built the impressive automobile superhighways (preceding the first American modern turnpike by fifteen years), drained the perennial marshes around Rome, suppressed Mafia rule in Sicily effectively for the first time in perhaps six hundred years. After nearly sixty years of conflict and ambiguity he regularized the relationship of the Italian state with the Vatican in the Lateran Treaty of 1929, whose validity remains unbroken even now. Even the worldwide depression after 1929 affected Italy less than it had other nations in Europe and America. All of this was achieved at the cost of dictatorship, and of the elimination of liberal parliamentarism; but this cost, at the time, seemed minimal, and worth taking. There were a few groups of anti-Fascist exiles; but the number of political prisoners in Italy was very small, political executions were nonexistent, and many of Mussolini's opponents were treated with circumspection and considerable clemency. The Italian press and Italian cultural life, though constrained within certain political limits, were remarkably vivid and sometimes even free. In sum, his rule in Italy was authoritarian, not totalitarian—an important distinction which escaped most people for a long time.

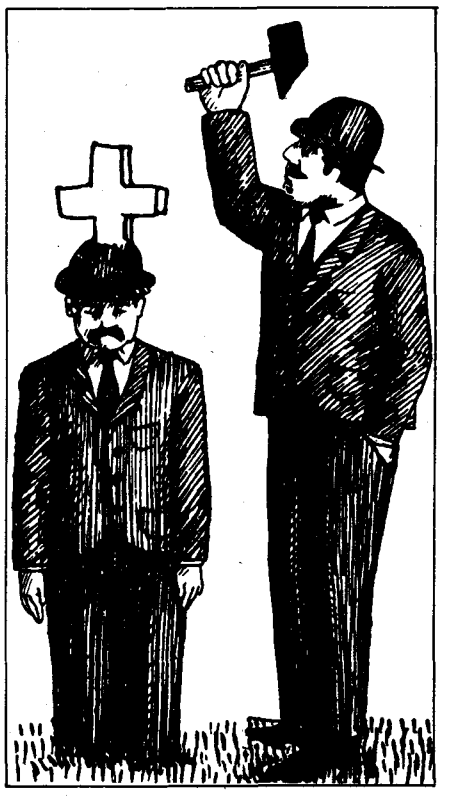
We must keep in mind how bad the record and the reputation of parliamentary government was fifty years ago. In 1931 Churchill (who respected Mussolini) wrote the preface to a book entitled *Dictatorship,* surveying the various national leaders emerging across Europe, in which he mused that a new kind of democratic dictatorship may be the solution in many places. During the Depression respectable American congressional personalities (Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, for example) said that what America needed was a Mussolini. Mussolini's first "autobiography" was written with the help of the American ambassador to Italy, and splashed across an issue of the *Saturday Evening Post.* In 1934 one of Cole Porter's clever doublets in "You're the Top" included these lines: "You're the Top! You're the great Houdini! You're the Top! You're Mussolini!"—lines that have been since expunged from all Cole Porter songbooks, including *The Complete Cole Porter* and *The Unpublished Cole Porter.*

In June 1934 Hitler came to Venice to meet Mussolini, but the latter was not particularly impressed.

Surely Mussolini's Italy seemed to represent an orderly, free, and fairly prosperous alternative to the miserable Communist tyranny in Soviet Russia and perhaps even to Coolidge's and Hoover's America. (Where was everyday life freer in the Twenties, in Rome, Italy or in Zenith City, USA? Was there prohibition in Rome?) In many ways Mussolini represented the wave of the present, if not the future. In one of those brilliantly perceptive remarks that will outlive the hysterical rantings of Hitler and the dull oriental pronouncements of Stalin, Mussolini said in 1931, when the Spanish people voted out the monarchy and proclaimed a parliamentary republic: they were going back to the oil lamps of the last century in this century of electricity.

Two years later he had a rival. Not an opponent: a friend, to be sure, but a rival nonetheless. Something elemental happened across the Alps. A leader took over the German nation, a man with a fanatical vision whom the Germans were willing to follow, no matter where, no matter how far. This leader, Adolf Hitler, admired Mussolini. Even though a former Austrian, Hitler did not allow of the traditional and historical Austrian prejudices against Italy. Mussolini appreciated this from the beginning of their relationship. In 1933 he and the Fascist press took satisfaction from the fact that Germany had chosen to follow the Italian model of government. In reality, they were mistaken; as Hitler was reputed to have said later to one of his intimates, what he planned for Germany was something different: Fascism was "only a half-job." Moreover, in the second year of Hitler's Third Reich there was potential trouble between Germany and Italy, Nazism and Fascism. In June 1934 Hitler came to Venice to meet Mussolini, but the latter was not particularly impressed. A month later the Austrian Nazis rose in a savage attempt to overthrow the government in Vienna. They murdered the chancellor who was a friend of Mussolini's and whose government had acquired a few Fascist features. When this Nazi revolt failed, Mussolini sent Italian brigades to the Alpine frontier; and the Hitler regime and Nazi philosophy were occasionally attacked in the Italian press. At that moment there was an evident divergence between Fascism and Nazism, visible to the world, in spite of the stupid leftist custom to apply the adjective "fascist" indiscriminately to any kind of right-wing regime, including that of Hitler. But this divergence would not last.

For a moment Mussolini was the most respected statesman in Europe, perhaps in the world. He decided to take advantage of this situation. In 1896 the Italian army, alone among the colonial powers of Europe, had been defeated by a primitive Abyssinian horde. Forty years later Mussolini chose to erase that memory of national humiliation, conquer Abyssinia, and establish thereby an Italian Empire in northeast Africa and, indirectly, in the eastern Mediterranean. He thought that the other Mediterranean empires, France and Britain, would not oppose him because they appreciated his support of Austria against Hitler. He was partly right. The French and the English opposed him by words, not deeds. They—especially the British—condemned his war on Abyssinia as international aggression, which it was, but they did nothing to stop him. This confirmed a belief in Mussolini's mind that had begun to emerge some years before. The French were rotten, and the British had become desiccated humani-



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tarians, unadjusted to and unworthy of the great national movements of the twentieth century. As twenty years before, the sexual metaphor again surfaced in his mind. The British were no longer the descendants of the virile men who had made the Empire; they were acting like old women who will embrace a vague ideal of humanity when they have no one else to embrace. They were tired; they were afraid to fight. During the Abyssinian war, in March 1936, Hitler broke the Locarno Treaty, marching into the Rhineland, up to the frontier of France. The French and the British protested, but did nothing. Meanwhile the Italians had conquered Abyssinia in six months—the last successful colonial conquest by a European nation. By the time the war was over Mussolini had made up his mind. His natural ally was Germany, not France. He would no longer underwrite the independence of Austria. There would be "a Rome-Berlin Axis, around which the destinies of Europe would revolve."

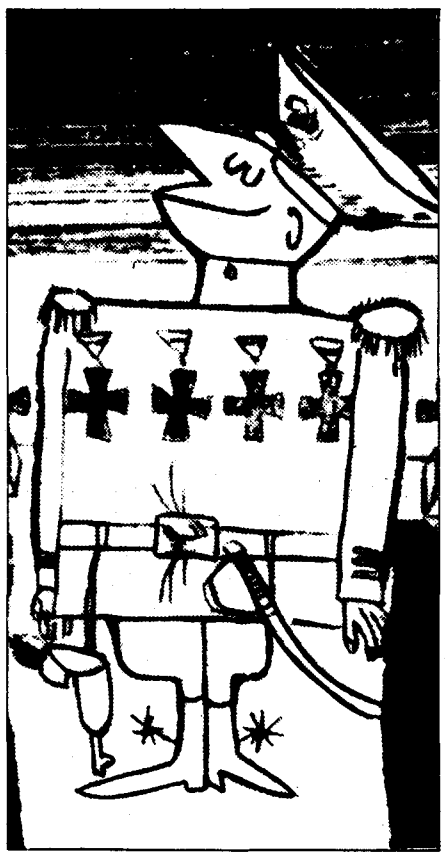
He knew that the war was lost; he blamed that on the treachery of the King and the military politicians. What he did not admit was that the war had been lost from the start.

He was at the zenith of his power. Contrary to the asseverations of many historians (as in the recent third-rate biography by Denis Mack Smith) his prestige among the Italian people was greater than ever. Even his alliance with Hitler (it did not become formal until May 1939) did not worry them, nor the fact that when Hitler marched into Austria in 1938, Mussolini remained silent. Hitler was deeply impressed. "Mussolini," he wrote, "I shall never forget this." This was the beginning of what the thoughtful historian F.W. Deakin called "the brutal friendship." For now there began a reversal in the relationship of these two men, a reversal that was not due merely to the fact that Germany had become immensely more powerful than Italy. Now Mussolini began to imitate Hitler. This showed, among other things, in his personal appearance, in the image which he would present to the world. The military dictator transcended the popular leader. This was the time when Mussolini came out to his balcony in a military uniform, booted, spurred, helmeted, with his jaw stuck out and his hand on his left hip. These appearances and postures were now characteristic. The previous traces of pensiveness had vanished. Some-how the "brutal friendship" made him seem not only determined but brutal. As he was shouting his speeches, his sensitive mouth became almost froglike. His appearance was often ugly, but perhaps less frightening than he might have hoped: at times it approached the ridiculous, and not only in retrospect. So were his other adaptations and imitations of Hitlerism: his insistence that the Italian army adopt a version of the Prussian parade-march of the goose step, and his racial legislation, restricting the freedom of and imposing humiliations on the small minority of Italian Jews.

The Italians—and many other people—still trusted him. They thought that he would restrain, rather than follow, Hitler. They were only partly right. In 1938 Mussolini returned from the Munich "conference" in triumph. He allowed the impression that there he had been the main instrument in saving the peace of Europe. But when, six months later, Hitler broke his word and marched into what remained of Czechoslovakia Mussolini decided to imitate him: he, too, chose to conquer a country that had done him no harm, indeed, one that had been something of an Italian satellite in the Balkans: Albania. Yet there remained one crucial difference between Hitler and Mussolini: a difference in their vision, and not merely a difference in their personalities. Hitler had decided that time was working against him. He had to conquer Poland, even at the risk of a war with France and Britain, because five years later their armaments would be much stronger. Mussolini did not see things this way. He had a few latent sympathies for Poland (he had had none for Czechoslovakia); more important, he did not think that time was working for the Western democracies; rather, the contrary. In the absence of another great war crisis they would not sustain their determination and the cost of a great national effort to arm themselves: they would return to their habits of parliamentary confusion, compromise, and lassitude. Mussolini wrote this to Hitler a few days before the war. He was probably right.

And so—their previous alliance notwithstanding—Italy did not enter the war as Germany's ally in 1939. Again this filled the Italian people—and many people elsewhere in the world—with hope. But this relative Italian neutrality would not last. When in the murderous and beautiful spring and early summer of 1940 Hitler's armies conquered Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, often in a matter of days, and when the final defeat of France was but a matter of weeks, Mussolini decided to declare war on Britain and France, on Germany's side. This was his most fatal step, and the beginning of his ruin. Had he kept out of the war, he may have become the greatest statesman of Europe, with incomparable advantages for Italy. Churchill and Roosevelt and the French government actually told him so, suggesting all kinds of promises. But Mussolini thought that if he were not to participate in the campaign against France, Hitler's domination of Europe would be complete without any of the share falling to Italy; and he feared the Germans' contempt. So he launched Italy into the war in June 1940. What he did not know was that within two weeks he would earn the contempt of most of the world, including that of the Germans. The same French army that was overwhelmed by the Germans was able to hold back the Italian army along the Franco-Italian frontier with but a handful of battalions.

The rest of the story is fairly well known, being part of the history of World War II. The Italians did not have their heart in the war. With a few singular exceptions, their army and navy and air force went from defeat to defeat. What is less well known is how this affected Mussolini. He, whose affectation of the martial virtues and of military appearances preceded that of Hitler and Stalin (the latter two did not appear in military uniform until the war), now hardly interfered with the conduct and the direction of military operations. He would meet Hitler occasionally: but he knew that he could not influence him. He had become a minor member of the Axis. On one occasion he tried to steal a march on Hitler, by stealth: when in October 1940 he ordered the Italian army to launch a treacherous and wholly unwarranted invasion of Greece, without telling Hitler, and postponing their planned meeting until the day of the *fait accompli.* The war with the Greeks led to a further humiliation of the Italian army, something that Hitler had fairly predicted. Later Mussolini (and the Japanese) attempted to convince Hitler to make peace with Stalin, and thereby turn the entire German armed might against the Anglo-Americans. He spoke about this with the Japanese ambassador on his last day in office, July 25, 1943. But by that time he was a broken man, in more than one way. More and more a recluse, he had become monogamous, or at least bigamous: besides his wife, he depended on the warmth and affections of his mistress Clara Petacci, among whose family he had become something of an avuncular figure, the source of ephemeral benefactions and ill-begotten wealth.



From 1940 to 1943 he aged ten years, if not more. One of the strangest episodes in the war, indeed, in the history of dictatorship, is that of the Italian political scene during the months before Mussolini's fall. The conspiracies for his removal had begun. The circles of the King, of his conservative chamberlains, of certain army generals, of the Vatican were considering patriotic treachery: the seeking of a way to save Italy from the further ravages of a disastrous war, to free Italy from her ill-fated alliance with Hitler. Much of this was an open secret. Mussolini must have known what was going on: but he, and his secret police, did nothing. American influences were in full force. Archbishop Spellman visited the Vatican twice, courteously escorted thither by Italian police through the darkened streets of Rome. On July 10, 1943 American and British forces invaded Sicily. "There are three powers in Rome," Hitler said around that time, "the King, the Pope, and Mussolini; and among the three the Pope is the strongest one." He was right. What

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he did not say was that Mussolini was the weakest of the three. Many of the hierarchs of Mussolini's own party wanted to abandon the German alliance now; and they knew that the only obstacle in the way was Mussolini. They convinced him to call a meeting of the Fascist Grand Council on the evening of July 24. That meeting has been often described, and fairly well, by historians. What they have seldom considered was the dramatic meaning of those long hours in the hot, dark Roman night. They concentrated on the *dramatis personae,* from the supremely intelligent Grandi to the stupid Italo-Nazi Farinacci, not on the dramatic enigma of Mussolini himself. He sat through the meeting for long hours, speaking occasionally. Can anyone imagine a pensive Hitler, sitting and listening while his cohorts and newly revealed opponents are drafting a resolution to vote him out of office? Or Stalin? The Council voted on the motion: Mussolini must abdicate, go to the King, and ask him to take over the leadership of the nation. Very late in the night Mussolini dismissed them with a toneless phrase. "Well," he said, "you have provoked the crisis of the regime." But that was all.

Donna Rachele, his long-suffering wife, long on peasant wisdom, had

(*continued on page 39*)

Joshua Muravchik

McCARTHYISM AIMS RIGHT

Imitation is the highest form of flattery.

We approach the thirtieth year since Senator Joseph McCarthy passed from the political limelight, but there are still few sins writers and speakers are more loath to be accused of than "McCarthyism." Yet though the taboo is widely observed there is much confusion about what actually constitutes "McCarthyism."

Senator McCarthy, not one for undue self-effacement, used the term himself. He said it was synonymous with "the fight for America." Grandiloquence aside, he meant that it designated a stance of uncompromising anti-Communism. His opponents in the Senate disagreed. They said that McCarthy's unsavory tactics served only to succor the Communists and to undermine the cause of anti-Communism. It was those tactics, they said, not the widely shared cause of anti-Communism, that deserved to be known by the distinctive name, "McCarthyism."

This confusion has plagued us ever since. Although McCarthy is long gone, his side of the argument has been kept alive by some on the Left who have their own reasons for preserving the notion that McCarthyism and anti-Communism are inextricably linked.

One result of the confusion is to inhibit criticism of pro-Communist attitudes for fear of the accusation of McCarthyism. Another is that McCarthy's most egregious tactics still flourish: they are used, often with impunity, provided that their target stands politically to the right of the attacker.

A case in point has been the raging controversy over charges that the National and World Councils of Churches and their leading affiliated denominations have often aligned themselves with Communist or pro-Communist governments and causes. These charges were first aired by the Institute on Religion and Democracy.* They gained considerable amplification earlier this year when they were laid out in an article in *Reader's Digest* by Rael Jean Isaac and then on CBS's popular program, "60 Minutes."

During the course of the "60 Minutes" broadcast, Morley Safer observed that "one is careful in this kind of report . . . to not use what are generally described as McCarthy tactics." And on the whole "60 Minutes" was careful,† as was Rael Isaac and as the IRD had been—all of them aware that to raise the issues they were raising would likely bring the charge of McCarthyism. And despite their care it did.

The *Nation* said that the criticisms of the churches are "reminiscent of the 1950s," with the IRD having taken the place of the "unscrupulous Senator from Wisconsin." The *Village Voice*'s Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway accused "60 Minutes" of "one of the most delirious spasms of open red-baiting and intimidation since the McCarthy era." And there was more in this vein. But there were precious few specifics. These protests had far more to do with the subject the IRD, CBS, and *Reader's Digest* were broaching than with their methods.

On the other hand, parts of the church establishment and the left-wing press that have defended church support for far-Left causes have exhibited less care. Their counterattacks have been replete with examples of all manner of McCarthyisms.

Though there is no consensus regarding the tactics that constitute McCarthyism, a basic list would include the following:

First, impugning the motives of one's critics. (Said McCarthy, on the eve of his censure, about the Senate committees that had investigated his behavior: "The Communists have

*See also, "Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel," by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac, in the May 1981 *American Spectator.*

†For a detailed examination of the "60 Minutes" program and the criticisms of it, see my "Pliant Protestants" in the *New Republic,* June 13, 1983.

Joshua Muravchik has written for Commentary, *the* New Republic, Policy Review, *and other publications.*

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now managed to have me investigated five times.")

Second, guilt by association. (McCarthy spoke of the "Acheson-Lattimore-Vincent-White-Hiss group." Hiss and White were Communists; Lattimore was a sympathizer; Vincent resigned from the State Department for having shown poor judgment in his relations with Communists; Acheson was a patriotic public servant with whose policies McCarthy disagreed.)

Third, unsupported accusations. (Drew Pearson, said McCarthy, is a "Communist spokesman.") Or exaggerated ones. (Owen Lattimore, who might justly have been called a Communist sympathizer, was instead called by McCarthy, the "top Soviet espionage agent" in America.)

Fourth, innuendo. ("If [General] Marshall were merely stupid, the laws of probability would dictate that part of his decisions would serve this country's interest," said McCarthy.)

Fifth, misrepresentation of documents. ("I hold in my hand a list," said McCarthy more than once while waving paper containing something other than what he said it contained.)

Each of these devices has been in evidence in the controversy surrounding the churches. They first appeared during the "60 Minutes" broadcast itself when, in an interview, Dr. Phillip Potter, head of the World Council of Churches, exposed the real reason for the Salvation Army's withdrawal from the WCC. The Salvation Army had said it was in protest against the WCC's controversial decision to give a cash grant to the Patriotic Front then waging a guerrilla war against the government of Zimbabwe/Rhodesia. But the truth, according to Dr. Potter, was that "the Salvation Army depends for its aid work . . . [on] large contributions from powerful groups that are involved economically and militarily in these countries," an accusation for which neither Dr. Potter at the time nor the WCC in response to subsequent inquiries has offered a scintilla of evidence.

Nor has the Salvation Army been alone in having its motives impugned. Bishop James Armstrong, President of the NCC, recently counseled his fellow bishops to disregard criticism emanating from "the Rael Jean Isaacs and Morley Safers of this world," whom he described as "secular sociologists and professional cynics," warning that they are not people who "can be trusted." He contrasted Isaac and Safer to "people who take their Christian faith seriously, who seek to be loyal to biblical standards and New Testament teachings." Yet elsewhere in the same speech, he also impugned the motives of some critics who surely do "take their Christian faith seriously," Rev. Ed Robb, theologian Richard Neuhaus, and other leaders of the Institute on Religion and Democracy. These people, he said, are primarily "interested in . . . undermining confidence in our churches."

The prize for the best misrepresentation of a document in this controversy will have to be shared by the *Voice* and the *Nation*.

The issue over which the church establishment has most often impugned the motives of its critics is the charge by the critics that church resources allocated to aid the poor have been used instead to underwrite far-Left political causes. Spokesmen for the establishment have responded with feigned obtuseness—treating the criticism as if it were an objection to the very idea of aiding the poor. Thus, NCC General Secretary Claire Randall issued a statement charging that critics of the NCC "seem to be saying that we should not give a cup of water or a crust of bread to another human being if he or she happens to be living under a government with which they disagree." In a response to Rael Jean Isaac's article in *Reader's Digest*, 23 leaders of denominations belonging to the NCC charged that the IRD's goal is to "turn [the churches] away from the pursuit of racial and social justice."

United Methodist Bishop John B. Warman wrote that the IRD

> is dependent for its very existence upon contributions from those individuals and corporations it can make unhappy with the churches. . . . Contributions will be diverted from the United Methodist Committee on Relief and similar bodies to the coffers of the IRD. The sad result will be that many who would have been cared for will die from disease and starvation while the critics drive by in their Cadillacs unseeing.

The NCC raised this tactic to perhaps its highest form when it dismissed the criticisms with this assertion: "These charges are as old as the moment when Jesus taught the Good Samaritan parable." If there were any truth to this line of attack, it would still be unduly self-righteous, but there is no truth to it at all. For the most part the critics want the churches to spend *more* energy and money on relief work and less on the myriad political activities that are today justified in the name of helping the poor. This difference, so misrepresented by NCC leaders, was acknowledged on "60 Minutes" by the WCC's Dr. Potter when he said that while "the Salvation Army . . . speaks about soup, soap, and salvation," the WCC preferred to challenge "the causes and structures of those societies which bring about oppression."

John Wicklein, associate director of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, managed within the space of a few sentences in an article in *Christianity and Crisis* both to impugn motives and to indulge in some additional varieties of McCarthyism. He wrote:

> Twenty years ago . . . I heard the same charges now being recycled by the IRD, *Reader's Digest* and *60 Minutes*. . . . Almost always, these were offered to the press by right-wing fringe groups . . .
>
> It is true that both councils [NCC and WCC] characteristically side with the downtrodden and that they conduct programs aimed at alleviating social injustices and correcting human rights violations around the world. It is this stance, I believe, that draws the fire of political-religious groups financed by ultraconservative foundations and wealthy entrepreneurs of the right.

The impugning of motives here followed the theme already made familiar by the NCC. In addition, Wicklein attributed guilt by association, when he said that what today's critics say sounds like what he remembers the right-fringe saying twenty years ago. And he added an innuendo: that the critics are doing the dirty work of the wealthy by trying to stymie the march of social justice which threatens to redistribute the wealth. The innuendo in turn was embellished by what was at best an exaggeration—Wicklein's reference to "ultraconservative foundations and wealthy entrepreneurs of the right." The IRD has relied heavily on two highly respected foundations, Smith Richardson and Sarah Scaife, both of which have supported conservative causes. It is to these foundations presumably that Wicklein referred. To call them ultraconservative is equivalent to calling Wicklein ultraliberal. One wonders if that is how Wicklein identifies himself.

Reverend James M. Wall combined innuendo and guilt-by-association in a single editorial in *Christian Century*. He reported that the IRD received the largest part of its income from the Sarah Scaife Foundation, and then followed with this:

> An article in the February 4 *National Catholic Reporter*, citing both the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* and the *Columbia Journalism Review*, points to apparent links between Richard Mellon Scaife, the chairman of the Scaife Foundation, and the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. Scaife was the last owner of Forum World Features, a British-based news service which closed after its exposure as a CIA front.

And there Rev. Wall left it, without a single further word about the accuracy or implications of this fourth-hand information, only two paragraphs after having accused CBS of using "innuendoes."

In the *Nation*, Cynthia Brown wrote that the IRD has received grants from the Smith Richardson Foundation which, she said, without offering any explication or evidence, "has ties to the Defense Department and the Central Intelligence Agency." (She apparently based this charge on a July 1980 *Nation* "exposé" that did not even purport to show that the foundation had received or channeled CIA money, but rather that the foundation was the principal benefactor of a leadership training institute to which the CIA and the military have sent some of their executive personnel for workshops, as have a variety of colleges, universities, and corporations.) Brown added that the "60 Minutes" program had also been aired on South Korean and South African television with the effect that it "might endanger the lives of Protestants exercising their social consciences."

Cockburn and Ridgeway wrote that the IRD "was expressly founded as part of the Reaganite *kulturkampf*, similar and indeed connected to Ernest Lefever's Ethics and Public

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Policy Center." *Kulturkampf* takes its meaning from the anti-Catholic campaign in Germany in the 1870s. The only such explicit bigotry in evidence in the current controversy was the declaration by a group of 33 female staff executives of major denominations that "60 Minutes" had "articulated a Gospel according to white American, middle-class, middle-aged males."

Cockburn and Ridgeway's term "Reaganite" was less ugly, but no more accurate. The IRD was a direct outgrowth of the so-called "Jessup Report" issued in April 1980, seven months before Reagan's election. In that election, the report's author, IRD board member David Jessup, served as the representative of the AFL-CIO to the Carter re-election campaign.

The reference to Lefever's center was original to Cockburn and Ridgeway, but they offered no evidence, combining the tactics of false accusation and guilt-by-association. The *Nation*'s Cynthia Brown indulged in the same combination when she described the IRD as a "fundamentalist conservative coalition" which "disapproves of . . . condemning racism and social injustice in South Africa."

But the neatest example of guilt-by-falsely-imputed-association was the statement by Dr. Cynthia Wedel, an American who is one of six presidents of the WCC, that "the Institute for Religion and Democracy is supported almost entirely by the government of South Africa," a charge Dr. Wedel refused either to substantiate or withdraw after being informed that the IRD's financial disclosure shows no support at all from South Africa.

The South African angle figured in another hybrid McCarthyism, this one combining innuendo and conspiracy theory. The author was William P. Thompson, the Stated Clerk, or highest official, of the United Presbyterian Church. Mr. Thompson noted that the Embassy of South Africa had distributed reprints of an August 1982 *Reader's Digest* article critical of the World Council of Churches, and that the IRD was featured in Rael Isaac's January 1983 article on the NCC. According to Thompson, "The similarity of perspective and the coincidence in timing of these two articles raises questions," but he left it to his readers' imaginations to discover just what those questions, and their answers, might be.

The prize for the best misrepresentation of a document in this controversy will have to be shared by the *Voice* and the *Nation*. Morley Safer of "60 Minutes" had reported that two church-supported organizations helped to circulate a purported leaked State Department "dissent memorandum." He added: "The FBI says this document is a forgery, precisely the same forgery the KGB tried to circulate earlier in Central America."

Cockburn and Ridgeway complained that Safer's implication was that "the churches and the KGB were—are—working hand-in-glove." The worst part of this, said these authors, is that the document in question is no forgery at all. They wrote:

> Last year, the FBI claimed to the House Intelligence Committee that there were "certain similarities" between the "Dissent Memorandum" saga and "other Soviet forgeries," adding that "It is known the Soviets attempted to surface this document in Central America through clandestine means."
>
> Thus [60 Minutes] took an FBI speculation one stage further.

Cynthia Brown picked up this point. She put it:

> Although an F.B.I. spokesman testified before the House Select Committee on Intelligence that there were "similarities" between it and other Soviet forger-

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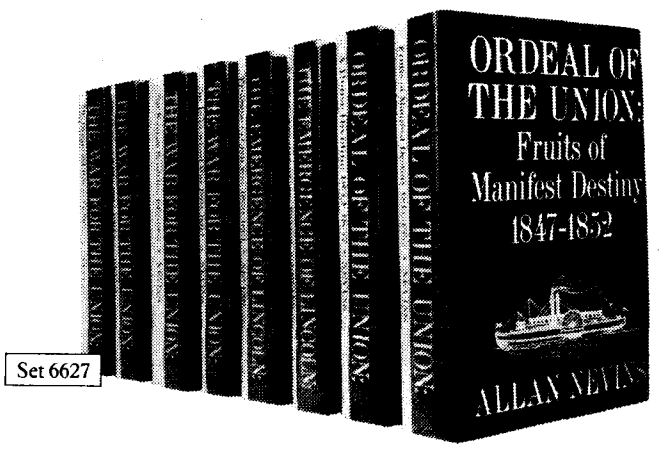

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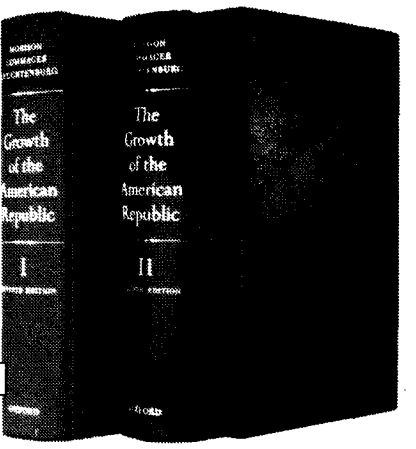

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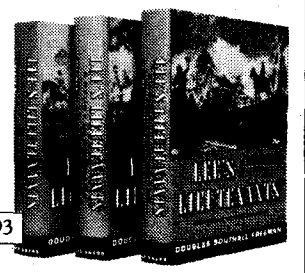

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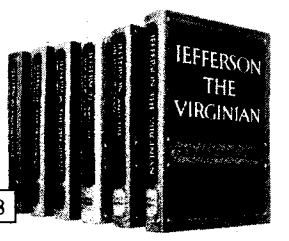

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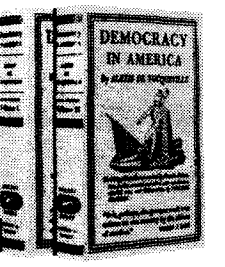

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ies, the F.B.I. refuses to confirm or deny that the paper is a forgery.

Readers of the *Voice* and *Nation* could thus see for themselves how CBS had exaggerated . . . except, that is, if they bothered to read the Congressional Hearings to which both the *Voice* and the *Nation* referred. What the FBI testified was this:

The document . . . has been determined to be a forgery. . . . There are certain similarities of this operation with other Soviet forgeries. It is known that the Soviets attempted to surface this document in Central America through clandestine means [emphasis mine].

Thus by omitting the key sentence while quoting snippets from all around it, the *Voice* and the *Nation* ingeniously gave the blatantly false impression that the FBI had stopped short of stating something that in fact it had asserted flatly.

No recitation of McCarthyisms would be complete without an example of a conspiracy theory. (Acheson and Marshall, said McCarthy, headed "a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man.") This, too, has not been lacking. *Christian Century* reports that Alan Walker, director of world evangelism for the World Methodist Council, has observed that attacks on alleged leftist church activity now span four continents—the U.S., Britain, Australia, and South Africa—prompting Walker to raise the question: "Is there a conspiracy against the churches which are speaking for the poor and are opposed to apartheid and nuclear armament?"

Finding such tactics as these employed in the pages of the *Nation* or the *Voice* will surprise few who have read those journals. But finding them in the statements of responsible church leaders and in the pages of the religious press is surprising. Perhaps the explanation is that these people don't recognize the tactics they are using for what they are. McCarthyism, they know, is an abomination, but they also know it is something aimed right to left, not left to right.

Perhaps we could find no better way to memorialize next year the thirtieth anniversary of the Senate's censure of Senator McCarthy than with an educational campaign designed to remind ourselves that the "ism" which bears his name is best identified by the form of an attack, not by its direction. □

Thomas Mallon

LOVE'S TORY

Maggie, don't you be so mean!

It was, in the end, pretty much about her. Everyone knew it would be, just as they knew she'd win, and just as they knew she'd be wearing blue when she left No. 10 to thank the adoring. Division over the issues was deeper than ever before, a split Labour party opposing the Tories with a crackpot manifesto calling for withdrawal from the EEC, unilateral nuclear disarmament, and the massive infusion of paper pounds into Britain's rusty industries. And the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance presented the most believable third force in British politics in sixty years. But finally it all mattered less than she did. Margaret Thatcher's presence dominated this election in a way that has become familiar to residents of New York City during the rule of Ed Koch: both she and he have shown they can govern as much by force of personality as anything else. He *kvetches* and she clucks; what he'd call *chutzpah* she'd name firmness. But they've both got the ability to stare out of the television screen, promise you more hardship than you've already endured, and get you to vote for them with something like enthusiasm.

It's been a terribly rainy three months over here, more like a biblical punishment than a mere British spring. For the last several weeks at the Cambridge college where I'm on sabbatical, we've gathered around the television in the Combination Room in order to watch

Maggie maul the opposition on the 9:00 News. Michael Foot was, of course, an easy target: the sight of the poor old fellow, an exhausted Rumpelstiltskin, slumped against Labour's red backdrops, wheezing about "jobs, jobs, jobs" and invoking memories of the Attlee government, provoked first disbelief, then embarrassment, and finally pity. The four main spokesmen of the middle-of-the-road Alliance, who came across as a brainy, sexy, and reasonable lot (and the syntax of whose remarks made one weep for the illiteracy of American politicians), should have been more difficult to flatten. But in the end it is harder for a viewer to focus on several heads than one, and they became mere supporting players in the campaign. Margaret Thatcher was indisputably the star.

"I am what I am," she was quoted as saying, "and I am too old to change." Actually, this isn't so—not around the edges. Over the years she has let her media people darken her hair, cap her teeth, and butch up her voice. Like Richard Nixon fifteen years ago, she's learned how to make a rather unappetizing package into an authoritative television "presence." Maggie was always "resolute" (a favorite word); but now, like the National Gallery and Garbo's salary, she's the top. One used to laugh at her for being the shrill, cod-liverish grocer's daughter: bitch, bitch, bitch. Now it's chic to be awestruck.

The sympathy of most students here may continue to lie a good deal to her left, and there are still some futile titters when her rigidly coiffed head first takes over the screen; but then, as her husky words are awaited, a sort of hush falls. The nagging schoolmarm has turned into the exquisite Pain Mistress of her countrymen's fantasies. At a Conservative party press conference she interrupts and scolds less zealous members of her own cabinet for being squishy on some issue or another—prompting Labour's deputy leader to refer to the poor fellows as a bunch of "neutered zombies"—but it doesn't hurt her with the viewers. They love her when she's strict.

A reporter asks if she's intimidated by rumors of an IRA gunman stalking the candidates. She stares back at him and just says "No" in a long, throaty way. You can feel a little thrill come out of the telly and ripple through the room. When the same deputy leader makes an imbecilic injection of the Falklands into the campaign, charging that she "glories

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in slaughter," he is pitching her such a slow lob that one almost trembles to think of the laser with which she'll pulverize it and him. "I'm not going to be able to stand this," a young Alliance supporter says as the news cuts to a tape of her reply. He gets up and heads for the bar that is safely outside the range of the TV's sound.

It was of course the Falklands war—such a quick, skillful, and thoroughly justifiable one—that made them fall for her, that turned what looked like pigheadedness into the right stuff, rigidity into decisiveness. But it was a difference in the audience, not the actress. In fact, cosmetic effects aside, she was entirely in character. It's simply easier to get good notices when the play is about repelling an armed invader instead of the statistics of industrial production. What the British thought they discovered in her then was really what had been on display all along.

On the Monday morning before the election I'm at my desk upstairs when a leaflet comes sliding under the door. It's for Robert Rhodes James, the local Conservative candidate. I go out into the hall to see if I can catch up with whomever it is who's put it there. It turns out to be Philip Freedman, who is 21 and finishing an economics degree at Trinity. He's been distributing fliers and will be driving people to the polls. He'd have been canvassing door-to-door these last weeks if not for the pressure of exams.

Philip Freedman is a quiet, polite young man, the son of a retired stock breeder in Berkshire. He is soon to go to work for a bank and is about as unfanatical as anyone imaginable—the sort of boy you'd like your sister to date. We sit down and talk. I tell him that this fellow Rhodes James looks to be, from his leaflet, pretty "wet"—Mrs. Thatcher's scornful term for her party's moderates; he talks, after all, about "progressive conservatism" and has the horn-rimmed look of restrained *noblesse oblige* that one associates back home with Republicans from Manhattan. Philip says, yes, Rhodes James is a wet. I ask him then if he is, too. "No," is his reply, smiling but instantaneous. He may part company with the Prime Minister on matters like restoration of the death penalty, but he is happy to be called a Thatcherite on economics. I ask how he'd talk me out of voting for these articulate Alliance people, and he says quietly that the Alliance's policies are all predicated upon an expanding economy that only the Conservatives can, in the long run, provide. Not a galvanizing answer, but a thoughtful and plain one. Finally, I ask him what he thinks of Margaret Thatcher as a person. He replies that she convinces people (this is a British way of saying "me") that she has "clarity of mind, clarity of purpose." She knows the direction she wants to go in.

Margaret Thatcher has *conviction,* Philip Freedman tells me.

Things are not good over here. The long run Mrs. Thatcher talks about will be a *very* long run, even if it all works out. Unemployment remains horribly high, and the industrial base is still pervasively feeble. But there is now this willingness to believe that conviction is not such a bad thing, that what seemed an unappealing inflexibility, looked at another way, may in fact be attractive, definite. Mrs. Thatcher has not changed, not in the essentials. The change is in the electorate. It is by developing a taste for her, however reluctantly, that more and more people over here are allowing themselves to feel she may be what this country would like to be, and has not been for a very long time—something substantial, a matter of consequence. □

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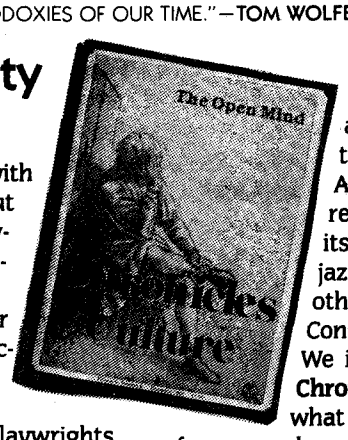

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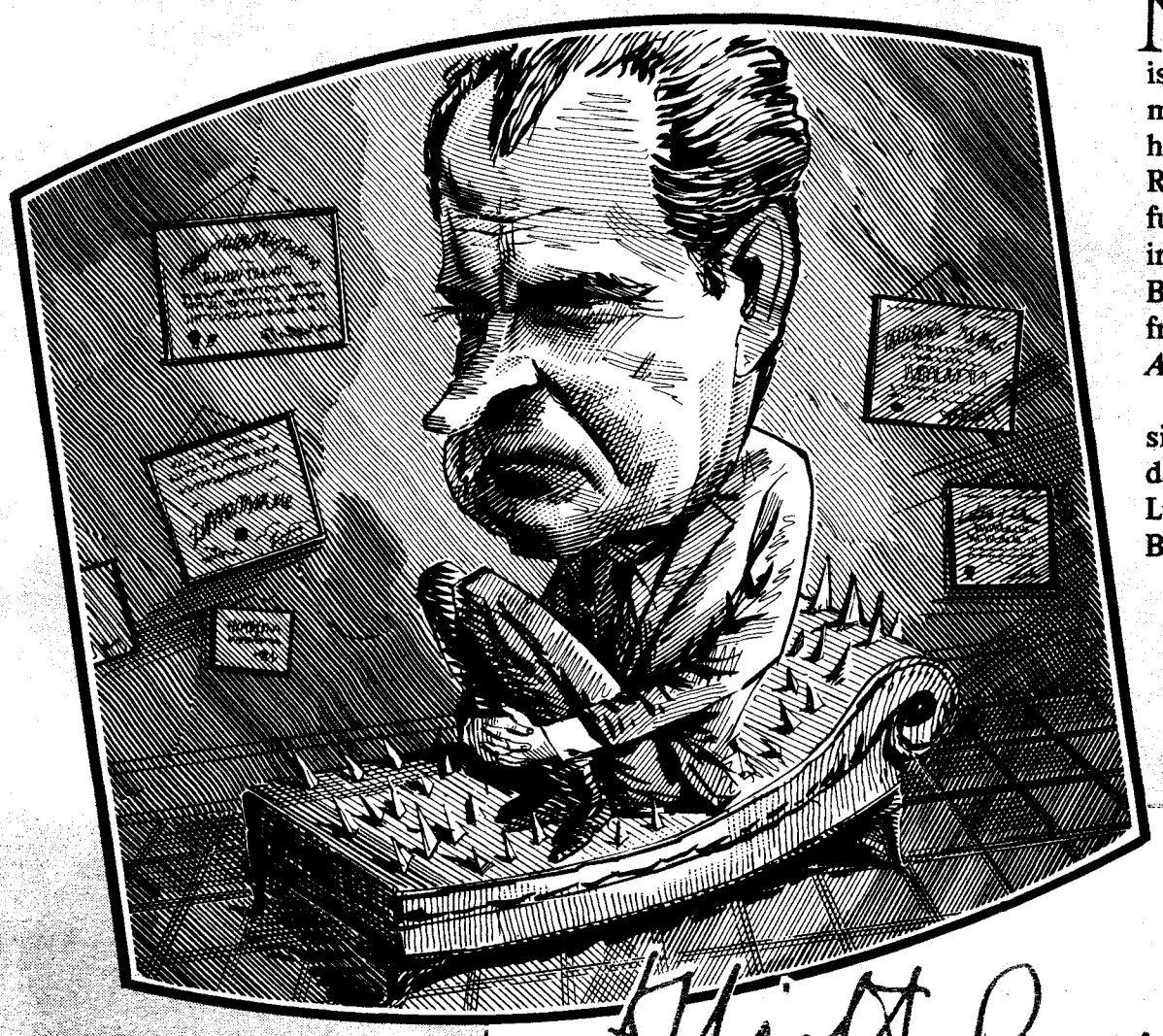

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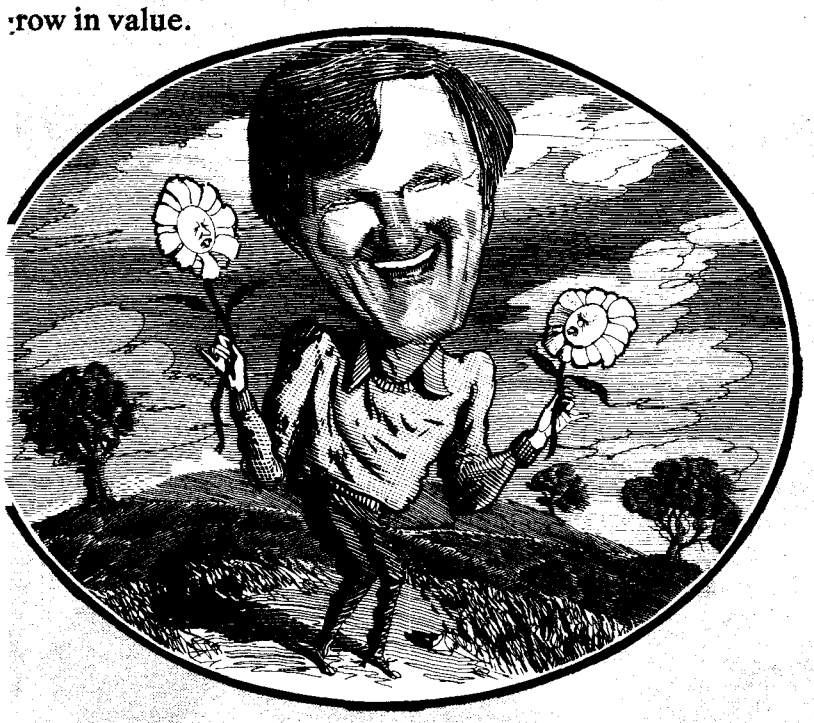

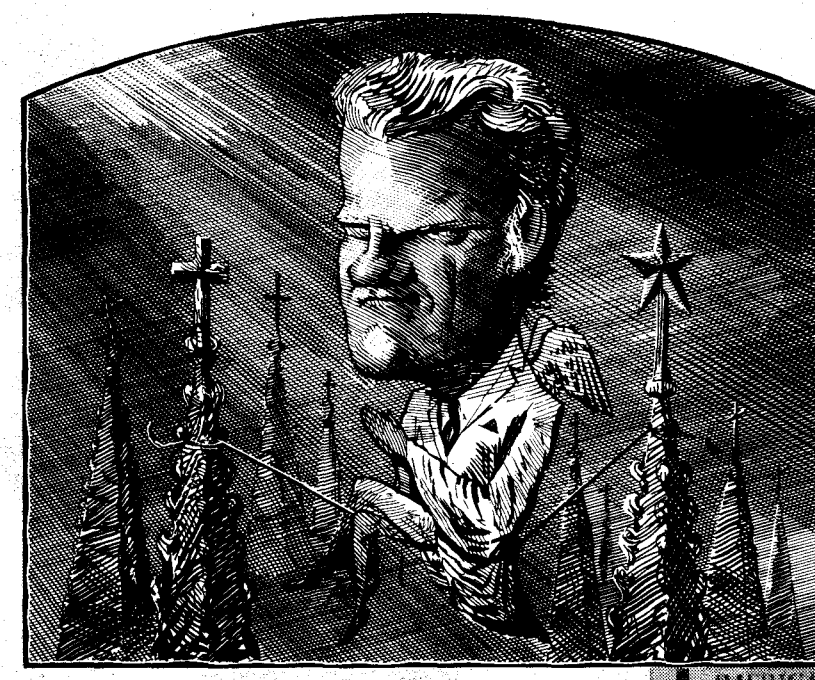

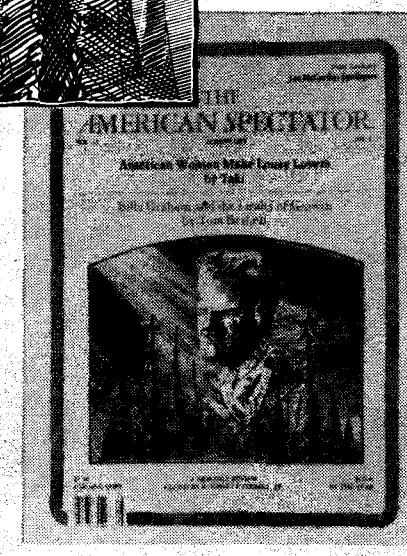

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THE GREAT UKRAINIAN FAMINE

by Alexander J. Motyl

Throughout the world this year Ukrainians are commemorating a grisly fiftieth anniversary. Thanks to Stalin, a great famine ravaged their homeland in 1933, reducing the breadbasket of the Soviet Union to little more than a graveyard. Before the year was out, over five million Ukrainian peasants had died a slow and gruesome death. Wrote one survivor:

> People scoured the fields for roots of all kinds, stripped the trees of their bark, caught mice and gophers, ate carrion. . . . They even devoured the carrion of horses infected with glanders and then the authorities had them shot. They fed on the mash left over from the previous year, which was no longer considered suitable for feeding to livestock. They boiled dried animal hides. They prepared pancakes and fritters from leaves and other inedible substances. They even ate toadstools. . . .

A catastrophe of such dimensions ranks as one of the twentieth century's prime examples of mass destruction; yet, it continues to remain largely unknown to the world. Soviet mendacity, Western gullibility, and a readiness on both sides to condone the liquidation of nations and classes thought to stand in the way of "progress" have conspired to transform a major human tragedy into a forgotten historical footnote. In good Soviet fashion, the dead Ukrainian peasants have been relegated to the status of "non-person."

The 1920s had been years of plenty in the Ukraine, as well as in the entire USSR. The Communist Party's unenthusiastic acceptance in 1921 of Lenin's "New Economic Policy" (NEP) sanctioning a limited reintroduction of capitalism had allowed the Ukrainian peasantry to prosper and the Ukrainian language, literature, and arts to flourish. By the end of the decade, however, the regime had come to perceive both trends as subversive. The NEP was sustaining a private peasantry—both Russian and non-Russian—that was hostile to the urban-based Bolsheviks' collectivist goals; indeed, the Party appeared to be drowning in a "peasant sea." Meanwhile the cultural relaxation associated with NEP threatened to undermine the regime's decidedly great Russian character. And, as Stalin noted in 1925, both developments complemented each other: "The peasant question is the basis, the quintessence, of the national question. That explains the fact that the peasantry constitutes the main army of the national movement, that there is no powerful national movement without the peasant army, nor can there be. . . ."

Stalin's solution to the peasant problem was collectivization. The richer, more productive, and politically more troublesome peasants—*kulaks*—were deported to Siberia and thereby "liquidated as a class." The remaining "poor" and "middle" peasants were herded into collective farms. They responded by slaughtering their animals, working less, and engaging in "terrorist" acts against representatives of the regime. Not surprisingly, production plummeted; state extraction of grain, however, increased. In all, Soviet agriculture received a blow from which it has still not fully recovered. But from Stalin's viewpoint, collectivization was a success: peasant opposition to Soviet power had been broken once and for all.

Stalin also achieved a breakthrough on the non-Russian front. "National Communists" were forced back into line; the cultural freedoms of the 1920s were revoked; and, by 1933, the tsarist policy of Russification was formally reintroduced. Local nationalisms, it was officially decreed, were more dangerous than Russian chauvinism. In the Ukraine, major political show trials in the early 1930s marked the beginning of a centrally directed secret-police terror that lasted through the decade.

Why did collectivization hit the Ukrainians with particular severity? First of all, the tempo of collectivization in the Ukraine, which served as a kind of testing ground for Stalin's agricultural experiments, was more rapid than in the rest of the USSR. And second, the grain quotas imposed on the Ukraine were disproportionately higher. Thus, in the more equitable NEP days of 1926, the Ukraine provided the state with 3.3 million tons of grain, or 21 percent of its total harvest. In 1930, the first full year of collectivization, it delivered 7.7 million tons out of a harvest of 23.1, or 33 percent. Peasant resistance to collectivization caused the harvest to drop to 18.3 million tons in 1931, but the Ukraine's quota remained at 7.7—an extortionately high 42 percent. Although the quota was reduced to 6.6 million tons in 1932, grain production fell to 14.6, so that only 4.7 million tons, or 32 percent of the harvest, could actually be collected. The murderous grain requisitions of 1930-1932 resulted in the outbreak of a country-wide famine—"not hardship, or privation, or distress, or food shortage," as *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent William Henry Chamberlin wrote soon thereafter, "but stark, outright famine, with its victims counted in millions."

One eyewitness, a city resident, described a visit to his parents' village:

> Although it was not long since I had last been there, I could hardly recognize it. The Moscow government had taken away all the food long before. Now the village was bereft of even cats and dogs. The officials hunted them and put them into a pound, but the hungry people caught and ate them. People avoided one another in the calm, unreal atmosphere for fear of being eaten. My mother and a few of her neighbors told me how H. Zhuk ate his mother; how a woman they knew ate her children; and how H. Skrynnyk ate his mother.

"This kind of grim, stark chronicle could have been compiled in almost any village in the Ukraine in that terrible winter and spring of 1932-33," wrote Chamberlin. "Every village I visited reported a death rate of not less than ten per cent." Small wonder that Malcolm Muggeridge, who traveled to the Ukraine in the

---

Alexander J. Motyl is author of The Turn to the Right, *a study of Ukrainian nationalism in the 1920s, and a contributor to* Survey, Slavic Review, *and other publications.*

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summer of 1933 as a correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, recently termed the famine the "most terrible thing I have ever seen."

Most Ukrainians would agree with Chamberlin that "this famine may fairly be called political because it was not the result of any overwhelming natural catastrophe." They would also view it, however, as a deliberately anti-Ukrainian policy of the "Moscow government": Stalin, they allege, masterminded the scheme in order to solve his peasant and Ukrainian problems with one blow. Considering the Soviet dictator's exceptionally brutal treatment of the non-Russians and his mass deportations of the entire Chechen, Ingush, Balkar, Karachai, Kalmyk, and Crimean Tatar populations during and after World War II, this interpretation, clearly, is not implausible. Yet, as formulated, it invites skepticism: if Stalin's goal had been genocide, then why did the authorities not confiscate *all* the grain harvested in the Ukraine? Would even Stalin have jeopardized his economic plans by deliberately devastating a country that figured so importantly in them?

The traditional interpretation among Western Sovietologists views the famine as an unplanned and largely unavoidable by-product of the revolutionary zeal and bureaucratic shortsightedness that characterized the collectivization campaign. Furthermore, it is argued, famine generally affected the USSR's most fertile areas—not only the Ukraine, but the North Caucasus and Central Volga regions as well. This supposedly means that a policy of extracting the most grain from the most productive regions—that is, economics, and not great-power chauvinism—was to blame for the famine.

Other scholars, however, consider the famine to have been a deliberate political act. According to an expert on the Stalin era, British historian Robert Conquest:

> The famine can be blamed quite flatly on Stalin. . . . It is perhaps the only case in history of a purely man-made famine. It is also the only major famine whose very existence was ignored or denied by the governmental authorities, and even to a large degree successfully concealed from world opinion.
>
> There seems little doubt that the main issue was simply crushing the peasantry at any cost. One high official told a Ukrainian who later defected that the 1933 harvest "was a test of our strength and their endurance. It took a famine to show them who is master here. It has cost millions of lives, but the collective farm system is here to stay."

In this view, famine was a policy instrument directed against the most recalcitrant peasants, regardless of nationality.

A third, ethnically oriented "revisionist" interpretation has recently been gaining ground in scholarly circles. Its main proponent is James Mace, an American historian who is preparing a book on the famine. As Mace puts it:

> The areas affected by the man-made famine all contained groups which could plausibly be considered hindrances to Stalin's plans to resurrect a politically homogeneous Russian empire. It did not, strictly speaking, correspond with the main grain-producing areas, as would be expected were it solely a question of intensified extraction solely motivated by economic concerns: there was no famine in the Central Black Soil Region of Russia, while in Ukraine it extended into Volhynia and Podillia, hardly part of the basic grain-producing area of the USSR.
>
> If we ask ourselves which national groups were most likely to constitute a threat to the new centralized and Russified Soviet Union which Stalin was creating, we arrive at the following: Ukrainians, second only to the Russians in numbers, who had fought a stubborn and protracted war for national independence. . . ; the Kuban and Don Cossacks, who had first given the White counter-revolution its base; and the Germans, who had welcomed the 1918 German occupation in Ukraine. . . . These were precisely the groups whose territories were affected by the famine.

The three interpretations are not irreconcilable. Bureaucratic bungling and cadre overzealousness in a campaign to extract maximal resources from the richest regions; officially encouraged hostility to the peasantries most opposed to collectivization; and the Party's determination to root out all nationalist opposition, whether urban or rural, surely would have made for a set of callous attitudes that could endorse the "cleansing" effect of a famine on the regime's enemies. Of course, for the millions who starved to death these considerations are scarcely to the point: exactly why the regime was tolerating their destruction was far less important than the fact of their destruction. By the same token, Biafrans would presumably have found little solace in the thought that they were being starved not as Ibos, but as secessionists subjected to the arbitrariness of an overly zealous Nigerian war-machine.

Ukrainians, consequently, consider the famine *their* Holocaust, a national trauma of mythical proportions that has shaped their present consciousness. Fifty years after the fact, however, the tragedy—and, even more, its overwhelmingly Ukrainian character—continues to be largely unacknowledged in both East and West. The Soviets prefer to ignore

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"aberrations" of the period of the "cult of personality." The West, meanwhile, prefers to remain either uninformed or misinformed about the dimensions of the event.

Indirect responsibility for this ignorance lies with the widespread tendency among Westerners to be more than willing to give the Soviet Union the benefit of the doubt. Billy Graham's infamous behavior on his trip to the USSR last year was but one manifestation of this attitude.

Directly responsible, however, were those Western admirers of Stalin's "bold experiment" all too ready to overlook images that did not fit their preconceived schemes. Two who in particular went out of their way to downplay if not ignore the famine were Walter Duranty, then head of the *New York Times* Moscow bureau, and Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent for the *Nation*. According to Duranty's colleague, former *Times* critic John Chamberlain, Duranty "was not only heartless about the famine, he had betrayed his calling as a journalist by failing to report it." But Duranty did succeed in something else—he actually won a Pulitzer Prize for his reportage.

Fischer said it best: "History can be cruel," he wrote. "The peasants wanted to destroy collectivization. The government wanted to retain collectivization. The peasants used the best means at their disposal. The government used the best means at their disposal. The government won." □

THE NATION'S PULSE

POLLING THE FUTURE

by Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter

Are Americans returning to traditional values, or has a somewhat watered-down version of the adversary culture of the 1960s been absorbed by the mainstream? These questions are troubling many writers and scholars today, and though we cannot answer them with certainty we can offer evidence about two key future leadership groups. Our studies suggest that the up and coming generation of journalists is even more skeptical of traditional American institutions and values than the generation they will replace. Even more significantly, so is the up and coming generation of business-men and women, though they are less alienated than the future journalists.

Early in 1980 we completed a study of leading American journalists and business executives drawn from a number of major *Fortune*-listed companies. Not surprisingly we found that journalists are far more liberal than businessmen and far more alienated from traditional American institutions. Yet we also found that a surprising number of businessmen share some of the journalists' skepticism. For example, almost nine out of ten journalists believe that the American legal system favors the wealthy, against somewhat less than seven out of ten businessmen. Over 75 percent of the businessmen we questioned believe adultery is wrong as compared to only 47 percent of journalists. And while close to 60 percent of the journalists we interviewed believe America contributes to Third World poverty, only slightly over two out of ten businessmen agree. Though the differences between the two groups remain clear, it is also clear that today's business leaders have absorbed at least some of the criticisms of American life that became widespread in the 1960s.

In an effort to determine the social and political outlook of future journalists and businessmen, in 1982 we interviewed random samples of students from both the Columbia School of Journalism and New York University's Business School. Since graduates of the former are represented in rather large numbers in leading media outlets, and a significant portion of NYU business school graduates become officers in major American firms, they provide an obvious basis for study.

What we found was that Columbia journalism students are considerably more liberal and cosmopolitan than present journalists. Only a quarter of future journalists, for example, believe that private enterprise is fair to workers, as compared to 70 percent of their elders in the profession; and 71 percent of journalism students, as compared to only 49 percent of the current media elite, believe the very structure of American society causes alienation.

Our study also indicated that aspiring journalists are far more likely to accept Third World criticisms of America than are their elders. Seventy-five percent of the students we interviewed believe that America contributes to the poverty of Third World nations. Further, four out of ten of these Columbia students believe that major corporations should be nationalized—three times as many as the present generation of journalists.

In only two areas were journalism students somewhat more conservative than the present generation of media leaders. Students are somewhat less supportive of affirmative action for blacks (67 percent vs. 80 percent), and three-quarters believe adultery wrong as compared to only 47 percent of established journalists. This may indicate a retreat from the sexual attitudes of the 1960s, or it may simply be a function of age and marital status. It clearly reflects the presence of a larger proportion of blacks in our sample. Only five percent of our elite media sample was black as compared to 20 percent of the student sample, and black students are far more traditional on this issue (even if more "liberal" on other issues) than are white students.

Given these results it is not surprising to find that almost seven out of ten students strongly disapprove of Ronald Reagan, while only three out of ten strongly disapprove of Fidel Castro. Similarly, an overwhelming 85 percent strongly disapprove of the Moral Majority, while a mere seven percent strongly disapprove of the Sandinistas. Nor is it surprising that the *New York Review of Books* receives almost as high a rating for reliability as the *New York Times*, while *Commentary* and *National Review* languish at the bottom of the reliability scale.

Some commentators have suggested that the liberalism of journalism students is merely a function of their student status, and that they are not notably different from other graduate students. The argument is not persuasive. Seymour Martin Lipset and others have demonstrated that students planning careers in journalism or the teaching of the social sciences tend to be considerably to the left of their peers, and our own data support these findings. New York University Business School students are considerably less liberal and alienated than journalism students on most issues. For example, 54 percent of them believe that private enterprise is fair to workers as compared to only one fourth of their journalistic peers, and only two percent believe that major companies should be nationalized. At the same time, 50 percent believe that American society causes alienation, and 35 percent

---

Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter are the authors, most recently, of Roots of Radicalism (*Oxford*). *This essay is part of a larger study of elites and social change sponsored by Smith College, the Research Institute on International Change of Columbia University, and George Washington University.*

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believe that the United States contributes to Third World poverty. The proportion of business students holding these views is obviously considerably smaller than that of journalism students. Nonetheless, it is surprisingly much higher than that of the current generation of businessmen.

The same mixture of attitudes characterizes business student views on issues deriving from the "new morality" of the 1960s. Almost eight out of ten business school students, for example, believe adultery is wrong. On the other hand, only 19 percent believe homosexuality is wrong.

Business student perceptions of political leaders and movements are also mixed. Only seven percent strongly disapprove of Ronald Reagan, while 23 percent strongly disapprove of Fidel Castro. By contrast, nine percent strongly disapprove of the Sandinistas, against 29 percent strongly disapproving of the Moral Majority.

In short, while business students are not as skeptical of traditional American institutions and values as elite journalism students, they are considerably more liberal and alienated from these institutions and values than the current generation. There is little evidence of a massive return to 1950s attitudes.

It can be argued that such is the nature of youth, and that as these business students mature they (and their counterparts in journalism) will grow more conservative. Numerous studies, however, suggest otherwise. People do grow somewhat more conservative in some areas with age, but for the most part they do not return to the values of an earlier generation.

In our view, the next generation of journalists and businessmen will continue to be even more liberal and cosmopolitan than the present generation. Given that the manner in which journalists view and describe the world influences other social groups, we can expect the population as a whole to move in the same direction, with significant consequences for domestic and foreign policy.

Other issues are also involved. The historical dynamism of American business has been at least partially a function of the psychology and attitudes of businessmen. Obviously, those entering business have done so to make money, but that has never been the whole story. Business activity was considered a calling; entrepreneurs believed that what they were doing clearly benefited the whole society. While they have always been the focus of some resentment and hostility, their view of themselves was re-enforced by the respect they received from the rest of the community.

Weber described this constellation of attitudes in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.* Modern entrepreneurs have differed from those in many traditional societies both by the nature of their commitment to the business enterprise and their conception of their community role. Businessmen from traditional societies saw economic activity primarily as a road to wealth and leisure. Modern entrepreneurs perceived the creative application of effort to business first as a sign of salvation, and later as a sign that their lives had been meaningful.

If both they and the community lose faith in the social value of business, and our evidence would indicate that this is indeed occurring, then American business is likely to lose much of its dynamism. The desire to make money (though important) is not enough to produce a business community that is progressive in the broadest sense of that term. →

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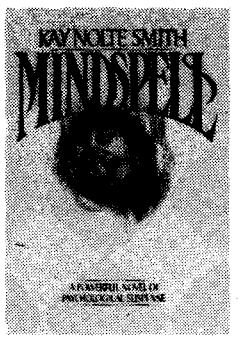

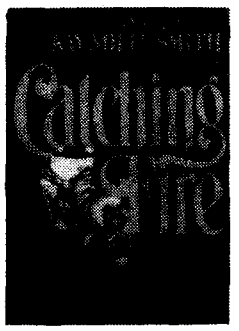

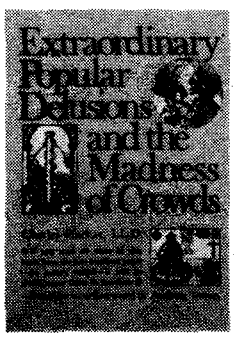

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In sum, we suspect that those predicting a conservative shift in American attitudes are at least partly deceiving themselves. Commentators in the 1950s thought they saw the same phenomenon: church attendance rose, and the most rapidly growing campus group was the Young Americans for Freedom. The supposedly conservative trend proved to be rather shallow, and rapidly reversed itself in the crises of the 1960s.

Today, the traditional bases of American society are even weaker than they were then. In all likelihood, the current revival of traditional attitudes will prove to be even more shallow than the modest revival of the 1950s. □

THE TALKIES

A CARTOON ODYSSEY

by Martha Bayles

It is becoming a tradition: *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders of the Lost Ark, E.T.,* and now *Return of the Jedi.* Spring brings the printed ads and previews, followed in summer by the TV ads, toys, posters, Burger King drink glasses, video games, and cute references by disc jockeys. Worst of all is the glazed expression of adults who declare that the latest high-tech movie has restored their capacity for wonder, their childlike ability to experience life directly, and so forth.

Last year, it seemed that the phenomenon had peaked. By winter, there were a great many citizens willing to shoot E.T. on sight, and the reviews of this summer's offering, *Return of the Jedi,* have been less than enthusiastic. George Lucas, the creator of the *Star Wars* trilogy of which *Jedi* is the third installment, is once again being accused of simple-mindedness—the usual backlash sentiment. My problem with the whole debate over these movies is that it goes from one extreme to the other, for reasons which have little to do with why the films are so popular.

Take simple-mindedness. It is true: Lucas was raised on *Flash Gordon,* the Masked Marvel, Disneyland, and comic books—and the *Star Wars* opus is solidly in this vein. Its hero, Luke Skywalker, is a pure youth whose only fault is a lack of experience. Instructed by older and wiser figures—a retired knight named Obi-Wan Kenobi (played by Alec Guinness) and a rabbit-eared elf named Yoda—Luke sets forth to do battle with the forces of evil as embodied in Darth Vader, chief lieutenant of the top bad guy and would-be dictator of the universe, the Emperor. The plot of all three *Star Wars* movies is the same as any Saturday-morning cartoon: first the bad guys get the good guys, then the good guys get the bad guys, then the bad guys get the good guys again, then the good guys get the bad guys again. There is a bit more to *Jedi*: Luke discovers that Darth Vader is his father, and eventually wins him over to the good side.

Now, the problem with calling this simple-minded is that it implies an unfavorable comparison with other films more esteemed by the critics and by the people who vote for the Academy Awards—films such as *Missing*, for example, or *Gandhi*, which are considered more intellectually and morally complex. But is this really so? *Missing,* a film by the Greek director Costa-Gavras, is about a young American who disappears during the Pinochet coup in Chile, apparently a victim of his own government's wish to cover up its involvement in the overthrow of Allende. The subject sounds complicated, but as Richard Grenier has pointed out with admirable thoroughness in *Commentary,* Costa-Gavras is a firm believer in simplification: he distorts, omits, and exaggerates the facts of real political crises to render them melodramas in which the American government is always the top guy and would-be dictator of the world.

As for *Gandhi*, we can turn again to Grenier for documentation of how ridiculously oversimplified its portrayal is.* I find it a bit more affecting than *Missing,* because director Sir Richard Attenborough obviously fell in love with his own notion of Gandhi, and that emotion comes through—especially with British actor Ben Kingsley squeezing the role for every drop of charisma it contains, and then adding his own. We cannot help but be seduced by that dry wit, those suntanned limbs, those black eyes shooting sparks. I'm just not sure that when we are all finished, we have received much more spiritual guidance than can be gotten from Yoda.

The fact is, most popular films do not spend a whole lot of time defining how goodness (or evil) is arrived at. They set up recognizable types, and get on with the action. The accusation of simple-mindedness seems to rest upon two factors: what kind of costumes are being worn, and which side triumphs in the end. If the bad guys wear American or British uniforms, and do not get the trouncing they deserve, then critic and Academy declare that we have left cartooning behind and entered the realm of serious filmmaking. I happen to like the movies of George Lucas because, although they are simple-minded, they don't pretend to be dealing with events in this galaxy. "It's only a movie," Lucas admits. "A lot of fans whose lives get consumed by *Star Wars* think my life must also be that way, and it's not."†

Which brings us to the opposite extreme: those who would take Lucas as seriously as Costa-Gavras and Attenborough take themselves. Included in this group are what I like to call the Outer Space Millenarians, the sort of people who await the Second Coming as foretold by Carl Sagan. These poor souls are so

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

**The Gandhi Nobody Knows,* Thomas Nelson Publishers, $3.95.

†For this quotation, and for details about George Lucas's life, I am indebted to *Skywalking: The Life and Films of George Lucas,* by Dale Pollock (Harmony Books, $14.95).

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starved for religion, but so disdainful of Western civilization, that they succumb to any high-sounding palaver, provided it issues from the lips of a non-Westerner, or better still, a non-human extra-terrestrial. (Carl Sagan appears to be the exception, until we consider his manner of speaking, which suggests that he, too, comes from Somewhere Else.)

This segment of the movie audience responds eagerly to Yoda, no doubt preferring his counsel to that of the white authority figure, Obi-Wan Kenobi. Little do they realize that the spiritual message of *Star Wars* is not all that exotic. In fact, it quite resembles the down-home Methodism which Lucas's grandparents brought with them when they moved to California from Arkansas. It's true that by the time young George got out of Modesto, and began hanging around the film-school crowd at USC, his upbringing had been diluted. But consider: the clear, accessible distinction between good and evil; the availability of salvation to all types and conditions of people; the continual struggle to accept grace and become worthy of it; the pressure to strive toward perfection—all these aspects of "the Force" can be found in the sermons of good old John Wesley. Pilgrims seeking the origin of Yoda's wisdom would do well to begin their quest in that stretch of southern California where the Bible Belt runs into Disneyland.

Having disposed of the extremes, I can happily fall into line with the bulk of the audience, who perceive quite correctly that George Lucas was put on earth not to enlighten in the manner of Wesley, but to entertain in the manner of Disney. Perhaps the debate is really between those who did, and those who did not, grow up hooked on Disney. For the *Star Wars* trilogy is nothing if not a grand and glorious, technically astounding, state-of-the-art cartoon. Only now I'm using the word in its positive sense, as a form of play. The ideas are simplified, but the images are not. Most films give us recognizable types; Lucas does the opposite. By flooding us with strange apparitions and visual details which do not combine easily or predictably, he induces us to stop recognizing and start *looking*.

When we do look, we see a fair amount of silliness, but also some richly suggestive images. For example, there is the visible difference, among bad guys, between those who rule by exploiting human nature and those who rule by suppressing it. In the first half of *Jedi*, we meet Jabba the Hutt, a vile and greedy creature whom one critic described as "a lascivious sofa." Ruling his little planet with a cruel but personal touch, Jabba's idea of a good time is to watch captive dancing girls while snacking on live frogs, or dropping visitors through a trap door to be devoured by the biggest, most disgusting muppet ever made. But no one at Jabba's court is quite as compelling as his snake-headed henchman. I didn't catch this fellow's name, but I vividly remember his pale, fleshy head grown out in three places, like a grotesque jester's cap, into massive serpents that coil around his neck. In some ways, this medusoid figure is the most malignant-looking thing in the movie: a literal representation of the evil in man's mind being allowed to develop without limit. But in other ways, this kind of evil seems more human, more old-fashioned, than that of the Emperor's sidekick, Darth Vader.

The Emperor himself is a sort of cross between Dracula and the Grim Reaper—not very interesting compared to Darth Vader, who is basically a voice and a costume. But what a voice: James Earl Jones, rumbling through an amplifier. And what a costume: lightweight, molded black plastic, with a certain weight of wiring and circuitry underneath—exactly like a monstrous telephone. Through his ponderous headpiece Darth Vader even breathes audibly, like a threatening caller. And his legions of stormtroopers look the same, only scaled down and in color, like decorator extensions. I don't know how deliberate these associations are, but they are extraordinarily effective. The very familiarity and intimacy of the telephone make its domination seem all the more convincing. Machines taking over the human race is, of course, a science-fiction cliché. But isn't that all the more reason to admire Lucas for making it seem fresh?

Eventually we learn that Darth Vader is Luke's father, and begin to sense another dimension: that he is a good man whose mind is being controlled by that efficient-looking headpiece. Another cliché, but rendered through images, not words. Dying, Darth Vader requests Luke to remove the headpiece, "so I can gaze upon you with my own eyes." Again, there is no mention of mind control. But we see the actor David Prowse's face and head furrowed, bruised, and slightly scorched. Not excessively, but just enough to suggest that wearing the damn thing has always been a constant, low-level pain. We can feel his physical and mental relief at simply being in the air, unencumbered by his duties to the Empire. The moment quite transcends the movie's other, more obvious climaxes.

George Lucas has a gift. Like Disney, he has an eclectic, synthesizing visual imagination which is not afraid to revive cliché or raid past and present folklore for all they are worth. Since it is difficult, unless one is Jack Lang, to say definitively where American popular culture is headed, or even what it *is*, I would suggest waiting to see what Lucas is going to do next. Disney succumbed to saccharine in the end, but for a while he amazed us by turning blackbirds into bookies, Dickens into ducks, and a mouse into a Faust. Maybe the apprentice will surpass the sorcerer, and George Lucas will learn how to turn cartooning into art. □

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by Giovanni Sartori
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BOOK REVIEWS

THE WAR OVER THE FAMILY: CAPTURING THE MIDDLE GROUND
Brigitte and Peter L. Berger / Anchor Press-Doubleday / $14.95

IN DEFENSE OF THE FAMILY: RAISING CHILDREN IN AMERICA TODAY
Rita Kramer / Basic Books / $15.50

Allan C. Carlson

It was 1965 when Daniel P. Moynihan, then an assistant secretary in the U.S. Department of Labor, sensed something going wrong with patterns of family life in America. His famed report on "The Negro Family," which stressed the "pathologies" of divorce, illegitimacy, and fatherless children occurring with growing frequency among urban blacks, represented the first politically relevant, post-1945 call for the creation of a national family policy. Since then, the Nixon Administration's ill-fated push for the Family Assistance Plan, Jimmy Carter's 1976 campaign declaration that "the American family is in trouble," the polarized and raucous 1980 White House Conference on Families, the appearance of a vocal "pro-family" coalition on the political right, and creation of "family" committees in both houses of Congress have stoked "the family issue" up as a recurrent and tempestuous, if seldom understood, political question.

Two books appearing this spring finally bring the family problem into proper ideological focus. Rita Kramer's *In Defense of the Family* effectively focuses on the practical and political problems of rearing children in an often hostile cultural environment. The more comprehensive effort is Brigitte and Peter L. Berger's *The War Over the Family*. Simply put, this volume is a major achievement. Combining persuasive historical interpretation and wise social commentary, it cuts to the heart of our present discontents.

"The final aim of this book is to find a reasonable middle ground amid the current alignments in the war over the family," writes husband Peter in his opening "excursus," one of the four extended commentaries on selected subjects (e.g., "femspeak" and "abortion") that mark his unique contribution to the volume. The Bergers label the three warring camps as the *critical* ("the radical-to-reformist coalition rooted in the movement of the 1960's"), the *neo-traditionalist* ("the new 'pro-family' camp, more brash and uncompromising by its very youth"), and the *professional* ("the combines of professionals, academics, and bureaucrats who make the family their field of expertise, advocacy, and management"). The first camp, they suggest, is exemplified by the feminist movement which, while never embracing more than 120,000 formal members, successfully challenged the standards of the 1950s and created "a widespread sense of the *relativity* of conventional family life." The authors reject this approach, finding a morality of selfishness and a latent hostility toward children within the movement's ideology. The second group, the neo-traditionalists, stirred to action by the Supreme Court's 1973 abortion decisions, represented a backlash against the newly relativized view of the family. Yet the Bergers shy away from these folks, too, suggesting that the latter stand "in tension with the realities of pluralism in America," holding "a somewhat idealized picture of the American past." Finally, the authors also reject the family professionals, a group guided by an anti-organic view of society and given to such Orwellian ideas as mandatory day care and the licensing of parents. Too often, the Bergers add, the professionals merely view the family "as a handy hook on which to hang their left-liberal agenda of radical structural changes in favor of more equality."

The Bergers instead attempt to create a "middle ground" with a spirited analysis and defense of the "bourgeois family." Most sociologists, they insist, are wrong in arguing that current family disarray arises from the pressures of modernism and industrialization. Western history shows that the nuclear family actually served as "a precondition" or "a conduit" for modernization, fostering the mind-sets and values that made a revolution in the human condition possible. Challenging the medieval, hierarchical view of the world, this "deviant" family form first appeared in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe. Bourgeois culture rested on a fine balance between "revolutionary activity in the larger society" and "a zone of domesticity" at home, thus linking the future of modernity to the future of the family.

Critical to the bourgeoisie's success was a religiously based (and commonly Protestant) confidence in its goals, values, and measures of right and wrong, a surety that bordered on fanaticism. At the heart of bourgeois society lay a set of "virtues"—the priority of children, the sanctity of infant life, the celebration of domestic bonds, the linked ideals of romantic love, marital fidelity, and sexual equality, an affirmation of hard work, diligence, discipline, duty, frugality, and self-control—which middle-class parents labored to instill in their children. Such offspring were sheltered from the traumas of the outside world and educated, primarily by women (correctly labeled "the prime builders of bourgeois civilization"), to restrain their passions, control their sexuality, and confront the world as rational, "self piloting" individuals: an aristocracy of democratic virtue. The bourgeois family, in producing individuals "with singularly stable personalities . . . who were also ready for innovation and risk-taking," then launched the liberal-capitalist revolution.

But this balance between individualism and social responsibility, between liberation and community, was a precarious one. It could be upset by radicalizing either side of the equation. This, the Bergers argue, is what has happened in recent decades. In the bourgeois order, it was science, reason, and individualism which ultimately turned on their progenitor; as Vilfredo Pareto taught, every society holds internally the kernels of its self-destruction. Psychoanalysis, for example, tended to cast the self as the sole reality, treating "family" as the source of pathology. Weary of their "civilization building" tasks, many women turned to feminism as a form of hyper-individualism, leaving even the most basic of human ties—the maternal-infant dyad—threatened.

Old enemies of the bourgeoisie,

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moreover, took on new guises and pressed home the attack. Such "counter-modern" movements began with aristocratic and peasant opposition to industrial capitalism and ran through nineteenth-century expressions such as romanticism and Marxism (the latter mixing modern and counter-modern themes) to the bohemianism and Fascism found early in this century. More recently, the "counter culture" of the 1960s intensified the antimodern assault, correctly perceiving that technological progress, capitalism, and the bourgeois family were "closely related enemies."

The Bergers concede that Western society may no longer have "the vitality and the cultural resources to regain its moral self-assurance." Nonetheless, after arguing that "there is no alternative to the bourgeois family in the contemporary world," they turn to the task of shoring up that battered institution. "[A] substantial majority" of the West's population must be attached to the bourgeois family "both in practice and as an ideal." Secularism and pluralism, they note, "have contributed greatly" to the modern crisis, undermining the legitimacy of and the loyalty once given to the social order. They also state that toleration of deviance and "nonconformity" must, at some point, cease: "A society can absorb only a certain amount of dissolution of its moral substance."

Yet, just when the authors' blood temperatures are rising, involuntary thermostats seem to cut in and they quickly cool down. As the needed minimum "common values" for contemporary Americans, they offer a subdued, almost noncontroversial list: reliability, honesty, industriousness, respect for others, and a willingness to assume responsibility. Their concluding "public policy" suggestions show similar moderation: recognition of the primacy of the family; restoration of the private sphere of life; respect for pluralism; the "empowerment" of people through devices such as educational vouchers; the recovery of parental rights; and the maintenance of community through "mediating structures" such as neighborhood and church.

Equally "bourgeois" in content and tone is Rita Kramer's *In Defense of the Family*. As a guide to parenting in modern America, it fits comfortably into the historic literary genre catering to the "child centered" middle class. With almost quaint self-confidence, Mrs. Kramer delineates an updated version of the "protected liberation" long used to raise bourgeois offspring into the ethical elite.

The author boldly affirms the "virtues . . . associated with capitalism and with the bourgeoisie" as essential to the creation of "men and women who can befriend each other, plan for the future, extend our knowledge and control of natural forces, . . . make life on earth fuller and richer for themselves and each other, . . . [and] have the discipline necessary to tolerate and contribute to life in a free society." Children need to be taught what is *normal,* she says. "And if *they* are not [normal], they need help in finding out what the problem is and, if possible, solving it." Parents should maintain "an ordered world" at home, where "distinctions between the sexes and between the generations are clearly expressed, values are clearly stated and limits clearly set." Fathers should be paternal, for "[n]o child needs two mothers" and "children need a structuring figure as much as they do a nurturing one." Mothers should take care of their children "as much as possible" during their first three years. Work and "liberation" can wait. Day-care centers are inferior and potentially damaging to children. Homosexuality derives from the presence in the male's past "of overpowering, overprotective mothers and inadequate fathers. . . ." "Single-parent families" is an oxymoron. So Mrs. Kramer proceeds, an iconoclastic, quintessentially bourgeois "bull" in the liberal psycho-sexual china shop. It's bracing, and unusually entertaining, stuff.

Yet the author cannot shake wholly free from the dominant mood of the age. While bourgeois certitude still powers her words, the animating spirit seems strangely rootless. In one of her few references to religion, for example, she urges nonbelievers to keep their children in Sunday schools which stress "the idea of a benign cosmogony and the role of holidays in celebrating community with others." "Formal beliefs can be outgrown and discarded later," she adds.

When reaching a critical point in their argument, the Bergers show a similar, distinctly modern half-heartedness. In his brilliant excursus on "decadence," Peter Berger argues that the central symbols and rituals of bourgeois culture stand nearly empty. As society's moral consensus declines, fewer individuals are prepared to take risks or make sacrifices on its behalf. "A decadent system," he explains, "is one in which

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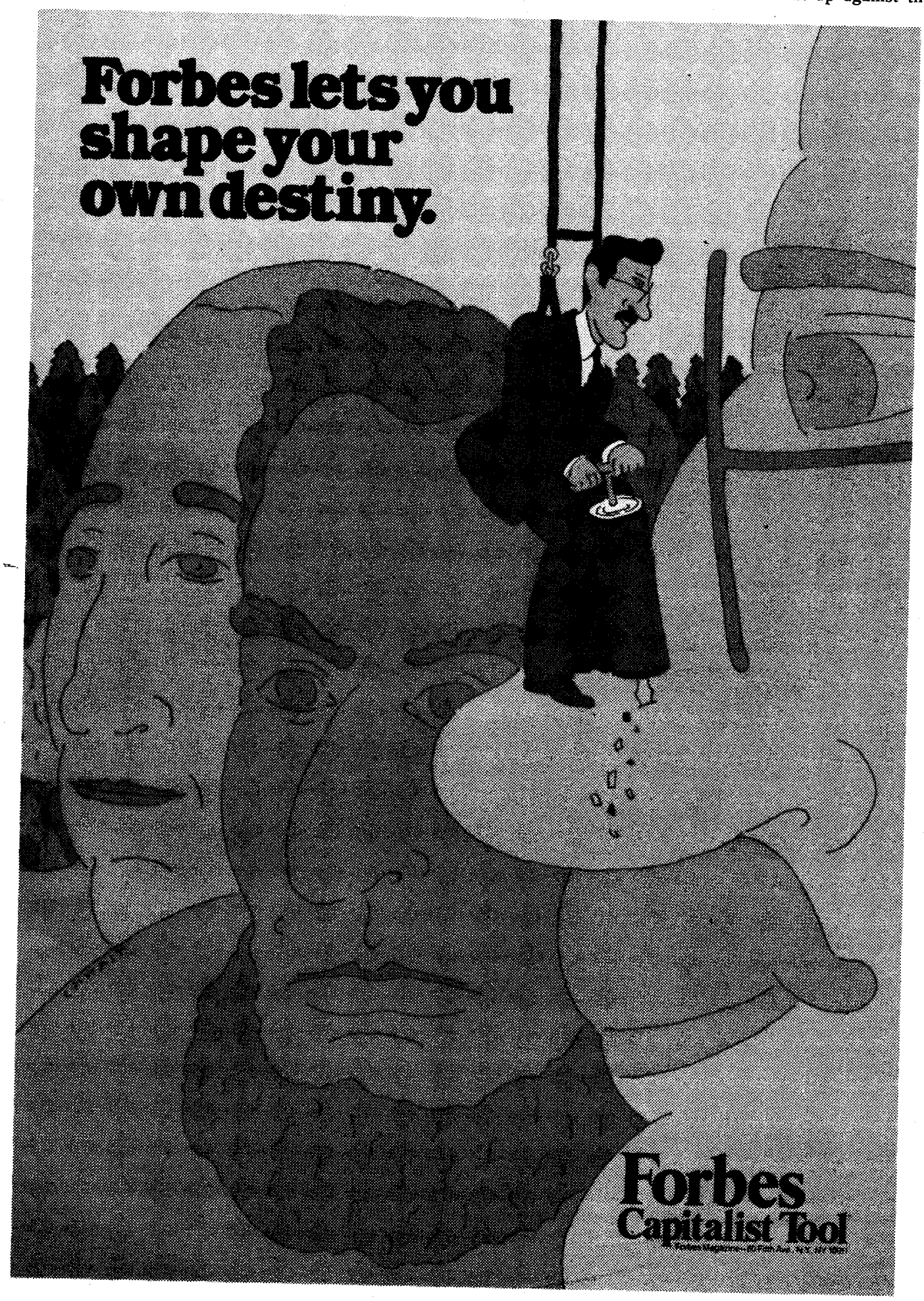
everyone plays safe." In America, the prevailing brand of left-liberal politics, the zero-growth and zero-population theories, the anti-technological sentiments, the widespread pacifism and longing for an international posture of meekness, the popular suspicion of patriotism, and the negative views of discipline, competition, and achievement do add up, Professor Berger believes, to a "constellation of decadence." Yet when casting their "middle ground" agenda, the authors themselves tend to hedge their bets. "[W]e disagree . . . with conservative efforts to impose, by law, an essentially provincial morality on the entire society," the Bergers write. "While it is the necessary function of the state to protect the family," they suggest, "it is not the function of the state, in a democracy, to protect the sexual or other private preferences of [heterosexual] adult citizens." They add later: "no particular family type should be either elevated or denigrated by public policy."

These are admirable sentiments, and they make good political sense. But they are not, I fear, the emotional material out of which counterrevolutions are built. Cast up against the cultural challenge of slick-paper sleaze such as *High Times,* or the gay perversity of *Victor, Victoria,* affirmations of neutrality appear feeble, however highminded.



This basically "liberal" dilemma, faced by all three authors, runs deep. When the Western bourgeoisie was a revolutionary force, the Bergers themselves note, it carried "an almost unshakable confidence in the righteousness of [its] values, culture, and political causes." Campaigns were launched and persecutions sustained on behalf of a specific vision of moral community. But such inner resilience also bred open cultural prejudice (such as popularly affirmed discrimination against homosexuals, unmarried and cohabiting couples, or unwed mothers) and strong legal prohibitions against actions such as abortion and abnormal sex. As much as the "positive" virtues cited earlier, these attitudes and actions were an expression of the triumphant middle class, a legacy lasting in the United States well into the 1950s. It is possible to argue that the legally enforced imposition of bourgeois standards was not a necessary part of the cultural equation; the historical record, though, suggests that it was.

In our time, political and cultural spearchuckers fighting on behalf of the bourgeois virtues will need a similar kind of fire in their bellies, a burning surety that their values are right, universal, and worthy of the ultimate devotion. A string of social philosophers, from Aristotle to Emile Durkheim to Alasdair MacIntyre, has emphasized that a viable society rests on a moral consensus deemed worthy of risk and sacrifice. Without a missionary-like, even "imperialistic" confidence, it seems unlikely that the new champions of the bourgeois order will prevail. While "pluralism" is a good and fine word, it is seldom a fighting word.

Curiously, Rita Kramer takes shots at several of the groups of child-bearing Americans actually showing sparks of an inner, family-centered "faith." She criticizes the "natural childbirth" movement for being "doctrinal" and issuing "propaganda." The author views "home births" as expressions of the dying counter-culture and radical feminism. "Family beds" are roughly equated with "lesbian couple parenthood." Breastfeeding is cast as oversold. She dismisses theories of early maternal-infant bonding as simply another "trend," possibly resting on bogus research. Her purpose here is to reassure young mothers that there is

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no single, "pure" way to deliver babies or rear children, a useful point. Yet from a broader view, I think, her animus is misplaced: while the women and men swept up by such ideas do sometimes become fanatics, they are (at least today) seldom archfeminists or devotees of yellowing copies of the *Berkeley Barb.* Most of them derive from the *petite bourgeoisie*—clerks, programmers, factory foremen, secretaries, and accountants—and are deeply committed to family and children. They are battling the disorders of "decadence" by embracing an often religiously motivated, sometimes eccentric, yet still recognizably middle-class commitment to family life.

Grasping at a reed of hope, the Bergers at one point suggest that defenders of the bourgeois order "will look for possibilities of revitalization in the *less* decadent groups within the population." Fortunately, such groups exist. Unfortunately, family advocates have still to discover how to speak to and for many of them. □

DANGEROUS RELATIONS: THE SOVIET UNION IN WORLD POLITICS, 1970-82

Adam B. Ulam / Oxford University Press / $25.00

Arch Puddington

Although revisionist theories about U.S.-Soviet relations are for the time being no longer put forward with the brash confidence of the not-so-distant past, the thesis that America bears equal responsibility with the Soviet Union for the Cold War and its attendant evils continues to influence the political culture of the democratic world. Thus a fundamental assumption of the peace movement is "shared responsibility"—the notion that the West, and the United States most prominently, bears an equal burden of guilt with the Soviets for the invasion of Afghanistan, the persecution of Solidarity, and, to carry this ludicrous concept to its logical extreme, the Cambodian genocide. Similarly, the collapse of détente is attributed to Jimmy Carter's "overreaction" to the events in Afghanistan while Soviet aggression, though deplored, is treated much more solicitously.

Adam B. Ulam is one of a handful of eminent authorities on Soviet affairs to have consistently resisted the siren call of revisionism. His masterful study of Soviet foreign policy, *Expansion and Coexistence,* remains the basic text on this important subject. His most recent work, *Dangerous Relations,* is in part an updating of *Expansion and Coexistence,* and, more significantly, a devastating critique of the failure of American foreign policy to meet its most important postwar challenge: checking the expansionist designs of the Soviets.

Although he totally rejects the fatuous proposition that a belligerent American policy paved the way for the Soviet Union's subjugation of Eastern Europe, Ulam is as harsh in his judgment of American actions as those who deride him as a vestigial Cold Warrior. Except that for Ulam, it has been American miscalculation, indecision, impatience, and division which has contributed to global instability by repeatedly presenting the Soviets with opportunities for territorial and political gain. Ulam traces the failure of U.S. policy to the period immediately following World War II, when many key government figures vastly overestimated the Soviet Union's military potential. As a result, he says, we threw away several opportunities to prevent the sovietization of Eastern Europe, something which, he argues compellingly, was well within American capability. Our unwillingness to confront the Soviets in turn ensured that the satellite nations would remain a source of tension and conflict.

Despite our having conceded Soviet domination of Eastern Europe and the subsequent division of Europe into opposing power blocs, Ulam believes that the U.S. was clearly the stronger of the two superpowers until at least 1964. He stresses, however, that our predominant position was the result not of our own shrewd policy choices but of external circumstances—the Sino-Soviet split, which presented the Soviets with a formidable and unpredictable antagonist at its borders; and the economic achievements of Western Europe, which stood as a constant reminder to Eastern Europeans of the Communist system's repeated failures. Yet by the end of the 1960s, this advantage had been dissipated, as the divisions generated by the Vietnam war weakened America's ability to sustain a consistent anti-Soviet policy and as Western Europe sought separate arrangements with the Russians. When détente was inaugurated, it was the Soviets who appeared confident and secure, while the U.S. appeared weak and disunited.

If the American tendency to misread Soviet intentions and misjudge Soviet capabilities created serious problems during the Cold War era, the flaws in our assessment of the Kremlin's goals proved absolutely devastating as détente matured. Although Ulam believes that détente, as formulated by Henry Kissinger, did not implicitly concede the dominant role to the Soviets, in practice it substantially enhanced the Soviet world role while exacerbating the confusion and division already apparent in the U.S. Expanded trade with the capitalist West allowed the Soviets to improve, minimally, the delivery of consumer goods to its own citizens, thereby decreasing the likelihood of popular discontent, and at the same time enabled the Soviets to continue their massive military buildup. More to the point, while détente in theory entailed a policy of rewards and punishments for Soviet global behavior, in practice penalties were never really imposed despite the repeated violations of what came to be known as the "code of détente."

Ulam spells out the chronology of Soviet advance and Western retreat in distressing detail. The Yom Kippur War was the first crucial event, revealing serious divisions within the Western alliance and America's unwillingness to defend its friends forthrightly. The fall of Vietnam further convinced the Soviets that the "correlation of forces" had shifted to their advantage, while in Angola the Kremlin, through its Cuban proxies, for the first time imposed its will militarily on a Third World country. The U.S. responded to these developments with a hapless shrug, hoping against hope that a new and more pliable Soviet leadership would soon emerge, and waiting (in vain, as we now know) for the Soviets to recognize the folly of intervention in the Third World, a lesson we presumably learned in Vietnam.

Another crucial event was our mishandling of the neutron bomb controversy. When the Soviets mobilized a highly effective propaganda offensive against this weapon, the Carter Administration stood by passively while the Kremlin's installation of its

Arch Puddington is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy and editor of Workers Under Communism.

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SS-20s proceeded apace. When Carter next abruptly jettisoned the bomb, he reinforced the perception of American indecisiveness without enhancing his own reputation as a peacemaker. The Soviets, meanwhile, accomplished two seemingly irreconcilable goals: they convinced many Europeans that it was they who stood for peace, yet by refusing to dismantle the SS-20s they injected an added element of fear into the debate over European security.

An even more striking demonstration of the Soviet Union's ability to minimize opposition to its global bullying was the relatively mild response of the Moslem world to the invasion of Afghanistan. Governments that had never hesitated to denounce the United States for supporting Israel reacted to this act of aggression against coreligionists with the utmost caution, something even more notable in this case because the aggressor openly proclaimed official atheism. To make matters worse, the Soviets had intervened in order to prop up a Communist regime in the midst of a brutal campaign to destroy the influence of traditional Moslem leaders. Yet no Arab nation severed diplomatic relations with the Soviets, and what criticism was leveled at the Soviet action was largely pro forma.

Thus by the latter part of the Carter Administration it was the Soviets who were employing the strategies of containment and rollback, containing American efforts to expand its power throughout the world and rolling back our influence in such crucial areas of the Third World as Ethiopia and Nicaragua. To wit: when the leader of South Yemen, a man initially installed in a Soviet-backed coup, made gestures toward an accommodation with the West, he and his supporters were murdered, presumably at Soviet instigation, and a more reliable official was named his successor. Subsequent American efforts to bolster North Yemen against its Marxist neighbor elicited the by-now inevitable chorus of "No more Vietnams" from Congress.

In addition to presenting the Soviets with endless opportunities for mischief, Western disunity created a further dilemma by making liberal democracy a far less appealing option for the elites of the underdeveloped countries. As the Third World became increasingly unstable, authoritarian regimes of the left or right appeared to many as the only means of assuring order, presenting our government with a growing number of seemingly intractable problems. Nor was the spectacle of American impotence reassuring to Third World leaders not otherwise disposed to sympathize with the Soviets. One can hardly blame the Moslem world for its tepid reaction to the events in Afghanistan, given the rapid dissolution of the American consensus of support for the firm policies enunciated by Carter, with businessmen, farmers, and the arms control fraternity complaining about the harshness of the measures. No matter where the Soviets intruded themselves, important segments of American society could be depended on to insist on policies of inaction, all the while assuring us that the Soviets would eventually discover that the costs of involvement in the Third World outweighed the benefits. Indeed, it was no longer necessary for the Soviets either to justify their own imperialistic actions or to criticize American behavior; prominent American politicians and scholars would do the job for them, and do it much better.

Despite the pessimistic tone which pervades this book, Ulam does not believe that the Kremlin is certain to prevail over the democratic world. He stresses the inherent instability of the Soviet empire, in particular the

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Turning backward would not expunge any of today's problems. With technological development curtailed, the problems would fester even as the means for solving them were blunted. To curb technology would be to squelch innovation, stifle imagination, and cap the human spirit.

Technology to serve people must continue to be nurtured and strengthened and honed and put to the tasks in society that need to be done.

The challenge of our times is to foster its continued progress, to use it wisely, to manage it for our own greater benefit and the enrichment of life for those who follow. The full promise of technology lies in its development and use to make things better for all.

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satellite nations of Eastern Europe, and observes that "Communism in power is no longer a servant or even a dependable asset to the Soviet Union," e.g., China and Poland. Yet he admits that cautionary words about the burden of empire would seem preposterous to the current generation of Soviet leaders, given the history of the past twelve years. Declares Ulam: "It has been Moscow's reading of the strengths and weaknesses, and especially of the degree of cohesion, of the entire community of democratic nations that has been largely instrumental in shaping the USSR's foreign policy. . . . The greatest setbacks suffered during the past twenty years by the democratic community of nations have resulted not so much from action by the Soviets as from what the West has done to itself."

For those who agree with Ulam that the free world's competition with Soviet totalitarianism represents the overriding issue of our time, these are chilling words. To be sure, President Reagan's determined stance against Soviet global designs has compelled the Kremlin to adopt a more prudent course and has enhanced the opportunities for Western gains in such countries as Angola and Nicaragua. Nevertheless, the Western alliance seems no more united than during the Carter years. Nor is the picture any brighter in the United States. The nuclear freeze movement, the arms control lobby, and their cheerleaders in Congress have opposed practically every initiative designed to strengthen U.S. credibility. The media have ridiculed Reagan's quite accurate depiction of the Soviets as imperialist bullies; the business community has resolutely fought efforts to curb trade with the East; the Administration itself has contributed to the deterioration of a national consensus around a strong anti-Soviet policy through such actions as the resumption of grain trade with the Russians. It is, moreover, a discouraging sign of the times that this book—gracefully written, measured in tone, cogently argued—has received far less attention from the general political press than a dishonest apology for Soviet intentions like Richard Barnet's *Real Security*.

The most important message of *Dangerous Relations* is that, as the Soviets never cease to argue, the correlation of forces has indeed shifted, if not to a convincing advantage for the Soviet Union, then sufficiently far in that direction to be a cause of real concern, for the democratic forces. Where it was once possible to batter away at the United States, secure in the knowledge that our global power was preeminent, this is no longer the case today. And if it is true that the Soviets face internal difficulties immeasurably more severe than those confronting us, it is equally true that we can no longer afford the luxury of assuming that, no matter how irresponsible or undisciplined our own behavior, America will always prevail. □

THE EUROPEANS
Luigi Barzini / Simon and Schuster / $14.95

Franz M. Oppenheimer

After reading *The Europeans*, one can think of few greater pleasures than being at a dinner party with Luigi Barzini. He is a passionate and agreeable man about the essentials, an "agreeable man" in the Disraelian sense of "a man one agrees with," for he believes in what he calls "the European Dream," a united Europe with a common currency, a common foreign policy, and "above all" a common defense policy. And he knows where alone the threat of war comes from: "a Soviet attack might come without warning at any moment. . . . Everything on the Russian side is already in place, in battle formation, plans drawn up . . . their objectives and schedules (like everything else in the USSR) bureaucratically predetermined and unchangeable. All it takes to start the war today is one code word telexed from the Kremlin."

The essentials done with, however, and launched on his survey of the history, culture, politics, and personality of the British, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Dutch, and the Americans (included, as it were, as "honorary" Europeans), our dinner guest makes sure that conversation never flags by setting off a fireworks of provocative, and sometimes paradoxical, propositions. He begins by wondering about the reasons for the enormous moral and material influence of the British in the nineteenth century. Why, he wonders, did "the more difficult to please" of the upper class in Italy and elsewhere "sen[d] their shirts to be laundered and ironed in London"? He "never found out why, English laundries not being noticeably better than others." Why, he seems to ask, did foreigners know little of what he calls the "terrifying social turmoil that troubled British life"? He does not explain why that social turmoil was so "terrifying" when compared with the nineteenth century's revolutions on the continent in 1830, 1848, 1871, and the Civil War in the United States. Nor does he, in searching for the causes of Britain's sway over minds and manners, give proper weight to the religious nature of Victorian England, which was an essential element in her role. We read in the Oxford History of England, *England 1870-1914*, by R.C.K. Ensor, that "[n]o one will ever understand Victorian England who does not appreciate that among highly civilized, in contradistinction to more primitive, countries [England] . . . was one of the most religious that the world has known. . . . If one asks how nineteenth-century English merchants earned the reputation of being the most honest in the world (a very real factor in the nineteenth-century primacy of English trade), the answer is: because hell and heaven seemed as certain to them as to-morrow's sunrise. . . ." The shirts sent to London were always sent back.

Like many, Luigi Barzini is perplexed and worried by the Germans on whom, he believes, the future of Europe depends. Every time he was in Germany on a journalistic mission, he saw "a startlingly new country, only vaguely resembling what [he] had seen before or what [he] had read about." One might reply that all modern countries, like people, do not stay the same for long. Yet it may be true that swings of mood and attitude are more sudden and extreme in Germany than elsewhere. About two years ago, Germany changed from a country of aggressive confidence to one of depression bordering on despair; and equally suddenly, after this year's elections of March 6, the country returned to its earlier optimism. Neither extreme could be justified by economic indicators.

Barzini believes that this mutability, military exposure, and irrational political movements for neu-

Franz M. Oppenheimer is a Washington lawyer.

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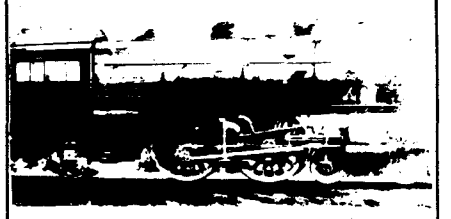

"In an age of ideology, the inventions of ideologues have come to seem plausible, even though they are fantastic."

This phrase is from Kenneth S. Lynn's Falsifying Jefferson, one of the essays in his collection, THE AIR-LINE TO SEATTLE. It illustrates the theme of the book: that too many current commentators on the American past see it through a mist of preconceived notions. Instead of respecting the evidence they profess to study, Lynn holds, these commentators impose on it precooked formulas that tell us more about the writers' own sensibilities than about America.

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trality and unilateral disarmament make Germany "dangerously vulnerable." Although he notes that the pacifists are a small minority, he is alarmed—and rightly so—by the "fanatic intensity of feeling animating the crowds and their bizarre composition" as well as by the "nucleus of their weltanschauung [a] hatred of the United States . . . the Enemy, the cause of all evil."

Barzini's assessment of Germany today is probably right. But his assessment of Germany's history is sometimes surprising. For instance, he concludes, on no better authority than that of Machiavelli and Madame de Staël, that before 1870 the Germans counted "for little" as soldiers: "German soldiers frightened nobody." So much for the Teutonic knights, Emperor Otto the First's defeat of the Magyars, the German mercenaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, King Frederick I of Prussia and Frederick the Great—to mention just a smattering of the evidence ignored by Machiavelli and Madame de Staël.

Barzini also has his doubts on whether Germans can become "democratic," and to illustrate the complexity of that question, he relates a story told him by John McCloy: Shortly after the war, a German count invited American officers to go shooting; "[t]hey came dressed as Americans do in shabby old clothes." An American officer, so dressed, crawling behind a bush, was shot dead by the count, whereupon the count was arrested and tried. "His lawyer offered two defenses: (a) the count did not know the victim was an American; (b) the count did not know the victim was an officer."

Apparently it occurred neither to John McCloy nor to Luigi Barzini that this story may be less relevant to the archaic nature of the German soul than to the incidence of incompetence among German lawyers.

We are told things equally surprising about the French such as that after World War II they "were at first among the earliest and most determined champions of European unification." Surely what was true of Jean Monnet was not so of "the French," and one wonders what Barzini knows that the rest of us do not know. This belief in the early determined championship of European unification by the French is made even more difficult to understand in the light of Barzini's acquittal of de Gaulle from major responsibility for the failure of European integration. While Barzini gives us the list of the major acts of de Gaulle that defeated Jean Monnet's splendid vision—the veto of British entry in 1963, of Hallstein's plan to assure independent resources to the European Community in 1965, and of majority vote, provided for in the Treaty of Rome, in 1966—nevertheless, he puts the blame on the prejudices and feelings of the French people, of "la France profonde," that he says existed before de Gaulle's coming to power, but, presumably, after the "earliest" enthusiasm of the same people for unification. It is far more likely that "la France profonde" would have followed de Gaulle's leadership in the sixties when the tide for unification was running strong and that but for de Gaulle's determined opposition a federal Europe would exist today.

On the other hand, I know of no evidence to support Barzini's view that what de Gaulle wanted for Europe was "a fragile patchwork of weak, vulnerable, and self-centered nation-states, without authority, each blindly struggling to defend its own petty and immediate interests against everybody else . . . a ramshackle coalition that would immediately crumble in times of crisis or depression . . ." De Gaulle may have been old-fashioned, but he was not blind. The best study of de Gaulle's policy for Europe, *Who Speaks for Europe?*

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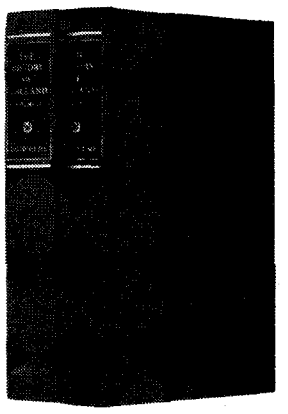

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The Vision of Charles de Gaulle (1977) by Lois Pattison de Ménil, comes to quite different conclusions. She rejects the view that de Gaulle's policies may all be reduced to one goal, promoting the *grandeur* of France, and considers the Fouchet Plan, which contemplated an indissoluble "Union" with executive and legislative organs, "clearly the prototype for de Gaulle's vision of future pan-European co-operation." While opposed to a complete surrender of national sovereignty, de Gaulle was equally opposed to anarchic drift, if for no other reason than his knowledge that only by some united structure could Germany be tied to Western Europe.

Barzini's questionable views on specific aspects of de Gaulle's policies are redeemed, however, by flashes of insight into de Gaulle's general impact, such as: "de Gaulle gave the French the monarchy many of them longed for under every republic, and, at the same time, the republic many of them longed for under every monarchy."

There are comparable insights and generalizations in the chapters on "The Flexible Italians," "The Careful Dutch," which also discusses both kinds of Belgians, and "The Baffling Americans," the discussion of which would make this review approach the length of Barzini's book of 265 pages.

In his conclusion, Barzini explains why the notion of a merely economic European union "is a dead-end street." He ridicules the philosophy, predominant in Europe after the Second World War, that the economy is the principal motor of history, and that an ever growing GNP is a sufficient means of salvation. Nevertheless, he does not consider that philosophy, nor the nationalism of the French, to be the principal obstacle to a united Europe.

For Barzini, the principal obstacle is "the German problem" created by the partition of Germany into an Eastern and a Western half. "No great nation," he writes, "can survive cut in half." The unification of Europe without Germany would be impossible, but unification with Germany would entail "acceptance, for all members, of the German problem." In the invocation of the concept of a "great nation," and in the significance attributed to the division of Germany, Luigi Barzini sounds almost Gaullist himself. In reality, few Western Germans under the age of 50 or so seem to be any more concerned about reunification with Soviet-occupied Germany than they are with prospects for the "Anschluss" of Austria.* But they *are* concerned about the survival of human rights and decency in their country; and they know, for the reasons so eloquently presented by Barzini, that a unified Europe would be the surest protection of that survival against a military attack launched from Soviet-occupied East Germany.

In believing that the partition of Germany is the principal obstacle to European unification, Barzini seems to have swallowed unwittingly the argument for unilateral disarmament and neutrality by the same German pacifist fringe that he castigated in his chapter on the Germans: namely, that only West Germany's ties to NATO and the European Community prevent the Soviet Union from giving its blessing to a Germany of 79 million inhabitants.

The consummation of Barzini's happy vision of a United Europe may have to wait, as Barzini says it must, but it must wait for a change of heart and resolve, not for some miracle on the Elbe.† □

*The separation of East Germany from West Germany is no more an obstacle to European unification than the separation of Austria from West Germany. It is generally forgotten that after the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire after the First World War, Austrians overwhelmingly voted for unification with Germany, and that the vast majority of them welcomed the *Anschluss* under Hitler. The notion that Austria is not a country of German nationality and culture, or that there are greater differences between Austria and Bavaria than, say, between Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein, is a myth.

†It is a pity that the pleasure of reading *The Europeans* is marred by the book's exceptionally slovenly editing. To give only a few examples: "La" mal francais, instead of "le"; Par "le" guerre (instead of "la"); attribution to de Gaulle of the expression "l'Europe des etats," instead of "L'Europe des patries"; "a bigger bang for a dollar," and a garbled quotation from Heinrich Heine: "Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht, bin ich um meinem Schlaf gebracht"; instead of, "dann bin ich um den Schlaf gebracht."

STATECRAFT AS SOULCRAFT: WHAT GOVERNMENT DOES

George F. Will / Simon and Schuster / $13.95

Adam Meyerson

George Will's first full-length book will greatly disappoint admirers of his newspaper and magazine columns. *Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does* displays little of Mr. Will's customary precision in thought and language, and it is only rarely enlivened by the wry wit that makes his columns such a joy to read. His trademark of citing obscure and often beside-the-point quotations can be quaintly charming in a short column surrounded by matter-of-fact articles on fleeting daily events; here, however, he carries his quotesmanship to an extreme that borders on self-parody. Most disappointing of all, he fails to use the opportunity afforded by book length to explore more deeply some of his most provocative ideas.

There are two potentially important arguments in *Statecraft as Soulcraft*, both familiar to readers of Mr. Will's columns. The first is his call for "a conservative doctrine of the welfare state," an affirmative vision among conservatives of what government should do. He writes that "[t]wo conservatives (Disraeli and Bismarck) pioneered the welfare state, and did so for impeccably conservative reasons: to reconcile the masses to a . . . dynamic and hierarchical industrial economy." Today, he goes on, American conservatives must embrace the welfare state both to be consistent with their own principles and to have any practical hope of advancing conservative values.

On grounds of principle, Mr. Will suggests that the welfare state is indispensable to social cohesion and hence should be dear to conservative hearts. He argues that "a limited but clear ethic of common provision" can unify society and strengthen patriotic feelings. "A structure of public entitlements can do what private property alone cannot do: it can give everyone a stake in the stability and success of the social system."

On grounds of prudence, Mr. Will contends that like it or not the welfare state is here to stay, and conservatives should therefore accept it and shape it to conservative values. As examples, he urges conservatives to lead "the fight for a welfare state that supports rather than disintegrates families." He also hopes that "a conservative welfare state will use government to combat the tendency of the modern, bureaucratic state to standardize and suffocate diversity" —for instance by tuition tax credits for private schools. →

Adam Meyerson, an editorial writer for the Wall Street Journal, *is the forthcoming editor of* Policy Review.

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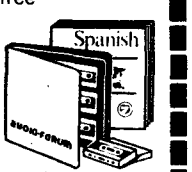

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It's an intriguing and potentially powerful argument, but Mr. Will makes no effort to articulate the vision of the welfare state that he chides other conservatives for not articulating. He is unfaithful to his subtitle. Apart from brief mentions of public support for education, laws against racial discrimination, the interstate highway system, food stamps, and tax deductions for medical insurance, he gives no inkling of what he thinks government ought to do. Nor, for all his criticism of American conservatives, does he show how his list of programs differs from what other conservatives propose.

Mr. Will's argument would be stronger had he fortified it with some empirical evidence. Do welfare state entitlements in fact provide the social stability he claims they do? Did Bismarck's welfare state really save Germany from class war and totalitarianism—at least until Hitler? The argument would be more convincing had Mr. Will come to grips with the contrary claim—that ever-rising expectations of public entitlements encourage a proliferation of interest groups, each seeking its own special handouts. "Granted," he concedes, "a welfare state can aggravate the centrifugal tendencies of modern society. By enlarging the political allocation of wealth and opportunity, it can raise the stakes, and the temperature, of politics, making the state itself much more a focus of contention than a force of cohesion." Characteristically, he declines to elaborate ways of avoiding this danger.

In like fashion, he ignores most of the nettlesome questions confronting policy makers in the welfare state. How to prevent safety nets, for example, from undermining the responsibility of individuals and families to take care of themselves as best they can. How to pay for the programs: generally oblivious to economics, he seems to assume that ever-rising entitlements can be paid for without undermining the creation of wealth that income redistribution ultimately depends on. And for all his references to the Founding Fathers—including a series of gratuitous pot shots at James Madison—Mr. Will avoids what one might expect would be a central question for any conservative doctrine of the welfare state in America: the proper division of responsibilities between national and local governments.

The second major argument of *Statecraft as Soulcraft,* aimed mainly at liberals, is that law must somehow concern itself with the moral character of the citizenry. Again, Mr. Will doesn't spell out what he means.

For example, he calls for distinctions between permissible and impermissible speech, but he gives no guidelines as to how those distinctions should be made. Citing the elimination of obscenity laws, the availability of abortion-on-demand, and the prohibition of compulsory and even voluntary school prayers, he bemoans "the steady withdrawal of the law from concern with the citizen's state of mind." He praises desegregation and the civil rights laws of the 1960s as "the most admirable achievement of modern liberalism"; among other things, they were "successful attempts to change . . . individuals' moral beliefs by compelling them to change their behavior." But otherwise he shrinks from saying what the state should do to encourage virtue:

> No reasonable society wants to erase the distinction between the question "How man should live?" and the question "What behavior should be mandatory?" But it is impossible rationally to stipulate *a priori* limits to the sweep of the law in matters of morality. Such limits must be set by prudential, not theoretical, reasoning. This does not mean that policy shall be unprincipled. It means that its principles must be derived from a sense of national purpose and from evidence as to how law can contribute to the fulfillment of these purposes. So, where does one draw the line? I do not know.

One hopes Mr. Will will venture an answer to such questions before publishing his next book. He has so much to teach conservatives and liberals alike, it's a pity he doesn't always follow his arguments through. □

THE END OF THE WORLD NEWS

Anthony Burgess / McGraw-Hill Book Co. / $15.95

Reid Buckley

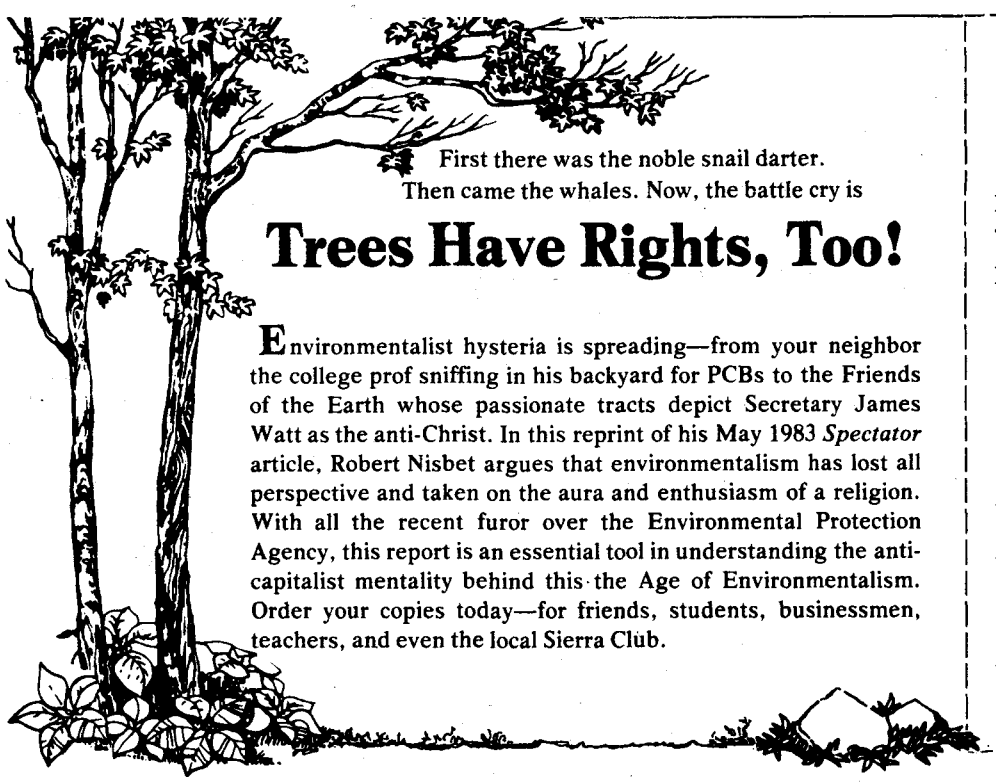
I was first steered to Anthony Burgess back in the 1960s. He had been at the writer's trade a few years only, so there were but a thousand and sixty of his works to choose from. My introduction was *The Wanting Seed.* Excited, I went out and bought nine of his earlier novels, which I devoured, saying to myself: "One of these days he is going to produce . . ." Not another brilliant novel, but a wholly satisfactory one.

With *Nothing Like the Sun,* his marvelous invention of a life of Will Shakespeare, he came close; but those that I've read of his dozen novels since continue to disappoint. Though they are very different, Mr. Burgess frustrates in the manner of Wyndham Lewis, whose craftsmanship was also superior to his product.

Burgess, one would swear, has it all. He is fecund and prolific (dear God, *is* he!) and a master of language. There seems to be almost nothing that he cannot *say,* and so say it that it sticks to the tastebuds deliciously long after. (On occasion not so deliciously, as in "there was a rich scintillancy of maggots in the belly hole.") The Rabelaisian Courtland Willett of the current opus pours scorn on the undermanager of a department store (who stood by while Willett was being attacked by street hoodlums), calling him "a slabberdegullion druggel [ooh!], a doddipol jolthead, a blockish grutnol, and a turdgut. Also, of course, a coward." Dig that *blockish* grutnol, and who but Burgess (son of Joyce) would have thought of slabberdegullion as a modifier for druggel? When Willett is fired for his insults, he takes his Santa cap (he has been working as a storefront Saint Nicholas) and thrusts it onto the undermanager's head, "dousing him like a candle." Can't you see it?

Mr. Burgess's wit is wicked, he is hilarious, and his characters, when he bothers, are *observed,* by which I mean that they are so incarnated by the imagination that he seems to be writing biography. His personae are often zany; they can be delightful; yet, somehow, there's the wanting love that he dramatizes so eloquently in *The Wanting Seed,* one's emotions are rarely engaged, one is rarely brought to feel about the characters or truly care for them, so that their predicaments (and their lot) scarcely ever entail more than our amused attention. Like Mr. Burgess himself, the reader remains at a remove.

Reid Buckley is a novelist.



First there was the noble snail darter.
Then came the whales. Now, the battle cry is

Trees Have Rights, Too!

Environmentalist hysteria is spreading—from your neighbor the college prof sniffing in his backyard for PCBs to the Friends of the Earth whose passionate tracts depict Secretary James Watt as the anti-Christ. In this reprint of his May 1983 *Spectator* article, Robert Nisbet argues that environmentalism has lost all perspective and taken on the aura and enthusiasm of a religion. With all the recent furor over the Environmental Protection Agency, this report is an essential tool in understanding the anti-capitalist mentality behind this the Age of Environmentalism. Order your copies today—for friends, students, businessmen, teachers, and even the local Sierra Club.

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The End of the World News is a mish-mash with fewer of Mr. Burgess's virtues hitting than his faults missing. Like many prodigiously talented folk, he can be too clever by half. The title is precious—a terrible pun. The publisher's puff, which he composes himself, and where he assures us of the seriousness of the novel, is both precious and sententious. The ho-ho-ho introduction, which is a take-off on an Edwardian adventure novel's conceit, is a bore. And then follows his three-ring circus, the yoking of unrelated stories in a single work of fiction: a futuristic thriller whose energumen is a rogue planet of terrific mass that grips the earth in its crushing embrace and finally pulverizes it (THE END!!!), a heavily Freudianized life of the old gentleman himself that owes too much to Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility,* and the libretto for an ersatz Broadway musical (it woulda bombed in New Haven) about Leon Trotsky during his 1917 visit to New York.

The Trotsky sequences are tedious beyond belief, which is never once suspended. The personae are all parodies, and there is no action on any plane, intellectual, emotional, or even physical. There are some dandy lyrics:

Trotsky's in New York!
Let his name be hurled
Higher than the Wool-
Worth Building.
Trotsky's in New York,
Stronger than a bull,
Showing us a world
Worth building.
Spilling out his wisdom like a cornucopia,
Fiercer than a hurricane,
Preaching an American-born
Utopia.

There are some deadly lyrics:

PACIFIST ORATOR:
Keep out of it America. It's Europe's war.
Let *them* batter themselves to bits.
Let *us* leave them to it.
We'll sell them the arms to do it.
To both sides, impartial. It's
What neutrality's for.

WARMONGERING ORATOR:
The Huns are sinking our ships.
If that's not an act of war,
What is, I'd like to know.
Kaiser Wilhelm's Empire
Flaps its wings like a vampire
Ready to suck our blood. So
What are we waiting for?

PACIFIST:
Keep out of it, keep out of it,
Non-imperialist democratic America.

And so forth. One comes to dread the resumptions of this narrative. The effect is that of a bad college skit, in which the single joke is worked over and over. There is no point to it.

The second storyline, Freud's career, opens in Nazi Germany, backflashes to his early struggles, and ends with the cancer that destroys him. We are soon asking the same question: what's it all for? We are given illustrations of the man's substantial ego. That's not News. He is presented as a fanatically engrossed and abstracted prophet, which adds nothing either to the biographies. There are some touching episodes with wife and daughter, but will you believe an Oedipal death involving his absurdly stereotyped (The) Jewish Mother? Mostly we are treated to the interminable jockeyings for position of his disciples, Adler and Jung and the rest, who are presented as sleazy backbiters. These long sections are excruciatingly dull, and we are driven to ask: is it the point that we (depressingly human) beings, even the geniuses amongst us, are mortals rife with petty little vanities? Good lord. We begin to wonder: is Anthony Burgess's problem that he is a virtuoso of the writing craft who has nothing much of interest to say about either the human heart or the human condition?

The apocalyptic third storyline is fun. Despite lengthy (and repeated) interruptions by the other two narratives, Burgess builds tingling suspense, and two characters in this sequence, Courtland Willett, the out of work actor, and Val Brodie, a writer of science fiction, gain our affection. As we follow their debauches through the floods and earthquakes that attend the first swipe of the onrushing planet, we hope they survive, but like all the other characters in this miscegenated novel, each in his way, they are finally a stereotype. Willett is the Bohemian who Breaks Molds. Brodie is the Nice Guy, the Liberal Humanist, the Error-prone, Sinning, Everyman (but *lovable*). Brodie's wife is the Blonde Intellectual Iceberg (that is, she freezes Brodie's libido). Hubert Frame, her Man of Science father, is wooden, predictable, and entirely dialectical. Others in the cast are mini-series television, such as the neo-Nazi Bartlett who takes command of the escape spaceship project, and one, the President of the new meganation called The Commonwealth of the Democratic Americas, is little more than a snapshot that Burgess, in a bad fall from grace, uses to milk unearned tears out of the reader. This is *bad* stuff, and *bad* writing, and it is the more inexcusable because it is served up by a pro whose craft never entirely deserts him. □

LUKACS

(continued from page 17)

told him not to go to that meeting. Sunday dawned on the empty streets of Rome. She told him not to go to the King. He went nevertheless. The King told him that he had to resign, because Italy had to get out of the war. He would name a military government under Marshal Badoglio. Mussolini did not say much. On his way to his car he was asked to step into a military van: he was arrested. The Queen told the King that this was wrong. But there was no other way out.

Six weeks later, when the Italians botched their attempt to shake loose of the Germans, Hitler sent a brigade of fierce paratroopers to descend on the mountain hotel where Mussolini was held captive. They rescued him without much trouble. Now Italy was divided in two, while the hot rake of war moved slowly—agonizingly slowly—up the peninsula of the boot. The Germans installed Mussolini in the north, he was now the head of neo-Fascist Italy, called the Italian Social Republic. Before his demise Italy had been a diarchy, a state with two heads: Mussolini and the King. Now the King was in the South, on the side of the Allies, having perpetrated what the remaining pro-Nazi Italians and Fascists called treachery, while Mussolini returned to his republican origins. But his "government," on Lake Garda, was not much more than a shadow, controlled by the Germans; and Mussolini had long lost the appetite to rule. He seldom appeared in splendiferous uniforms; after many years, he took up his pen on occasion, and wrote a few political articles which are still interesting to read. He knew that the war was lost; he blamed that on the treachery of the King and the military politicians. What he did not admit was that the war had been lost from the start. On

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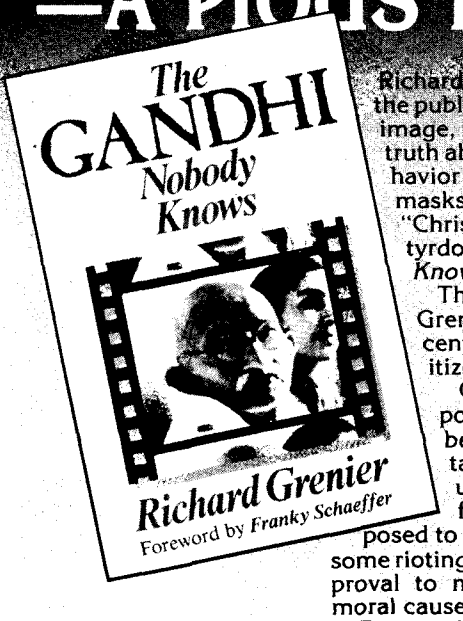
LIFE OF GANDHI —A PIOUS FRAUD?



Richard Grenier, concerned by the public, yet award-winning, film image, reveals the disturbing truth about Gandhi's personal behavior and philosophy as he unmasks the legend of Hindu/"Christian" pacifism and martyrdom in *The Gandhi Nobody Knows.*

The movie *Gandhi,* says Grenier, "is a morality tale centered on a saintly, sanitized Mahatma Gandhi."

Grenier shows India's proponent for non-violence to be an unprincipled charlatan. "Gandhi, held in popular myth to be a pure pacifist, was until 50 not ill-disposed to war at all. During the fearsome rioting in Calcutta he gave his approval to men 'using violence in a moral cause.'"

Foreword by Franky Schaeffer.

Available in bookstores everywhere
THE GANDHI NOBODY KNOWS, by Richard Grenier
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occasion his radical past would still govern his thoughts. During the last days of the war, walking in a garden, he turned to one of his confidants: "If you had a choice," he asked, "what would you prefer? That Italy become an English colony, or a Soviet republic?" The confidant was flabbergasted. "I," Mussolini said, "would prefer a Soviet republic."

That side—the radical—was, as I wrote, but one side of his character. The other was that of the Italian family man. He sent a priest to the Vatican to affirm that he was a believing Catholic, after all. Through clerical agents he tried to suggest to the Americans that he would make common cause with them against the danger of Communism. But the Allies would have nothing to do with him—not even Churchill, who maintained a kind of respect for him until the end, and even beyond. In the end the Germans betrayed him: the SS general in command of Northern Italy made a pact with Allen Dulles, abandoning Mussolini to his fate. Where his own fate lay Mussolini did not know. With a handful of followers he began driving north, toward the Alpine frontier, when he was captured by Italian Communist partisans and murdered, together with his mistress, a day or so before his brutal friend Hitler shot himself to death in his bunker.

The bodies of Benito Mussolini and Clara Petacci were brought to Milan where they were strung upside down on the girders of a filling station, jeered and spat upon by a crowd, some of whom may have cheered him but a few months before when he had addressed the people of Milan.

American journalists had invested him with the epithet of a Sawdust Caesar. He was more than that. For some time at least he was a great national leader, who then became an Italian Faust, someone who sold his soul to the devil. He was truly an Italian, incarnating many of the good and bad qualities of that intelligent and theatrical, humane and cynical race. Of the three great dictators of his time Hitler was a cruel Austrian who wanted to be the greatest of Germans, Stalin an oriental Georgian who wanted to be the greatest of Russians: Mussolini was an Italian, as Italian as they come. His demise was more shameful than Hitler's and Stalin's; even though (or perhaps because?) he was so much more human than the other two, he was abandoned and reviled by his own people. But there is a sense of justice in history, after all. Hitler's ashes are strewn somewhere under the rubble of an eastern Berlin. Stalin was removed from the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum, his tomb is somewhere along the Kremlin wall, while his people are still restive and divided about his memory. Mussolini's body, after long and secret peregrinations,* came finally to rest in a modest grave in the village where he was born, among the people that he loved, albeit with a selfish passion, in the Italian way, but where he nonetheless belongs. □

*American secret agents are supposed to have taken half of his brain to Washington for "research." Its whereabouts remain a mystery.

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

TRUE BELIEVERS

by William McGurn

Ever wonder why most literary awards these days seem to go to the same people? Why those who parade down the aisle to collect their prizes seem to have disconcertingly uniform opinions on questions like socialism, the Third World, feminism, wheat germ, and Ronald Reagan? Why writers like Norman Mailer and Mary Gordon receive favorable reviews no matter what schlock they put out? Why writers with more traditional values rate nary a mention in these circles? Or even why the political views of our poets and novelists come to have such significance when these awards are being made?

Apparently someone *has* been wondering about this for a while, because on May 19 the Ingersoll Foundation, in conjunction with the Rockford Institute, announced the creation of two new literary awards, each in the amount of $15,000 and each destined to send our established literati to their poison pens. The two awards—the T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing and the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters—were instituted to "reward high talent that has not found favor in the reigning cultural climate and bring to public notice works worthy of wider attention." The first winners will be announced this December in Chicago.

William McGurn is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator.

The secretary for the prize committee, Leopold Tyrmand, pointed out that "the main cultural malaise, if not the disease itself, is located in fiction today." Mr. Tyrmand, however, knows that there will be little applause. Think you that the establishment would look kindly on any effort to encourage writers not of their mold? Not likely, and indeed the esteemed Russell Baker in a gentle column expressed his befuddlement at the recent "popularity" of Mr. Eliot. Of course, coming from Mr. Baker such confusion is perfectly understandable.

The Rockford Institute, you see, is *not* neutral on the great questions (neither is the *New York Times*, but that's another story). As Institute president John Howard said, "If all lifestyles are equal, then life has no meaning." It is just this degree of nonconformity to the prevailing winds that makes the Rockford publications—*Chronicles of Culture*, *Persuasion at Work*, and the *Rockford Papers*—so refreshing. If they *really* want to be noticed by Mr. Baker, I suggest they include an American flag on the dais this December. Publishing will never be the same.

• • •

Though the publishing business has never let its official anticapitalist line ever stand in the way of raking in the dollars—in the process significantly cheapening the quality of the offerings—this is not to say that no real standards exist. Far from it. In the Byzantine world of book publishing, there are innumerable laws governing what shall be permitted written form, the transgression of which laws is unpardonable. Apparently ignorant of this sacred code, Rep. Bud Schuster of Pennsylvania has committed a major no-no.

What is the congressman's crime? Why, it is that somehow, possibly through some CIA right-wing chicanery, the good congressman has prevailed upon William Morrow & Co. to put out his unabashedly pro-U.S. tome, with the implausible title of *Believing in America* ($13.95). In this book, populated with the real people of America who would all be exotic fare at any of Manhattan's literary soirées, Rep. Schuster charts the outlines of this American century, guiding the reader through two world wars, the Vietnam fiasco, and various D.C. scandals.

All of this might be bad enough, but there's more. Much to the chagrin of those fierce patriots who occupy the editorial desks at the *Nation*, Rep. Schuster is not at all disillusioned at the country he finds. In fact, he is rather pleased:

> The thesis of this book is that the good so vastly outweighs the bad that America stands alone—pre-eminent. When compared with the world around her, America sparkles.

In other words, contra our American bishops, this congressman is audacious enough to believe that the U.S. may be slightly more moral than, say, the Soviet Union.

Believing in America comes with a cover full of plugs—including one President, several well-known authors, and even one astronaut. OK: bright red cover and all, it's a bit

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much, heavy on earnestness. But that's aesthetics, not substance, for what Rep. Schuster has to report is by and large so sensible it is usually overlooked; lacking a ghostwriter, he takes full responsibility for everything, "from split infinitive to misused noun." That's more responsibility than Tip O'Neill has taken for over two decades, and as for the message, it is so sensible that one could believe it might even penetrate the mind of Colman McCarthy in one of his rare lucid, non-vegetarian moments.

• • •

Yet Congressman Schuster's new book is only part of what must appear to IPS analysts as a grim trend in the world of ideas. Specifically, the last year or two has witnessed the launching of a number of new magazines that come as a lively challenge to the hitherto comfortable orthodoxy of our leading publications.

Among these newcomers is *This World*, a scholarly journal put out three times a year by the Institute for Educational Affairs and the American Enterprise Institute ($16 for 4 issues; 210 East 86th Street, 6th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10028). Edited by Michael Scully, *This World* proposes to analyze the religious and cultural underpinnings of current social and policy debates. Last summer, in fact, in just its second issue, the magazine caused something of a stir by publishing a remarkable poll of American theologians—revealing among other surprises a stout one percent of theologians who don't believe in God! In the current issue, there is an interesting symposium about what the *Canadian* bishops are up to, and according to Scully future articles will cover conditions in El Salvador and various aspects of the continuing economic debate.

Keeping General Jaruzelski up late at night is *Workers Under Communism*, a quarterly journal devoted to workers' rights and workers' conditions in Communist countries ($10 per year; 275 Seventh Ave., 25th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001). "It was our feeling even before the emergence of Solidarity that questions of workers' rights are at the heart of the future of Communist countries," said editor Arch Puddington, "and everything that's happened in Poland since then has confirmed this." Put out by the League for Industrial Democracy in cooperation with the International Labor Program of Georgetown University, *Workers Under Communism* has already run several articles by Solidarity members—including an interview with Lech Walesa—and will feature new articles on slave labor in the Soviet Union as well as on the export of Vietnamese workers to other Communist countries.

A more recent arrival to the fray is Ralph McInerny and Michael Novak's *Catholicism in Crisis*, a journal of lay opinion published out of the University of Notre Dame's Jacques Maritain Center (P.O. Box 495, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556). This is the journal that first published Michael Novak's calm and eloquent letter to the American bishops, taking issue with the pacifism and push toward unilateral disarmament inherent in the early, much publicized drafts. Also commenting on the bishops' letter and other trends in the Catholic Church are such well-known names as Hilaire Belloc and G.K. Chesterton. McInerny reports that future issues will carry a column by the *Spectator*'s Tom Bethell on the press, as well as contributions from various congressmen.

Not a "new" magazine but deserving of mention is *Policy Review* ($15 per year; 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002), whose latest issue introduced both a new, full-sized format and a new editor. Published by the Heritage Foundation, *Policy Review* has played no small role in the shaping of American opinion during its seven years of existence. Editor John O'Sullivan is returning to Mother England to assume a senior position at the *Daily Telegraph*, to be succeeded at *Policy Review* by Adam Meyerson, an editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal* and a former managing editor of *The American Spectator*. As O'Sullivan notes about the new format, "Now we look as good as we read."

Finally, this summer saw the birth of *Cogitations*, a quarterly covering the developments on the legal front. Edited by Jonathan Emord and published by Mark Weinstein, the magazine features a lively format, with contributors ranging from Charles Rice to Morton Kondracke.

Given all these ghastly developments, our friends on the left may be forgiven for the unease caused by the following deduction: if ideas truly do have consequences, then *conservative* ideas have . . .

Guess. □

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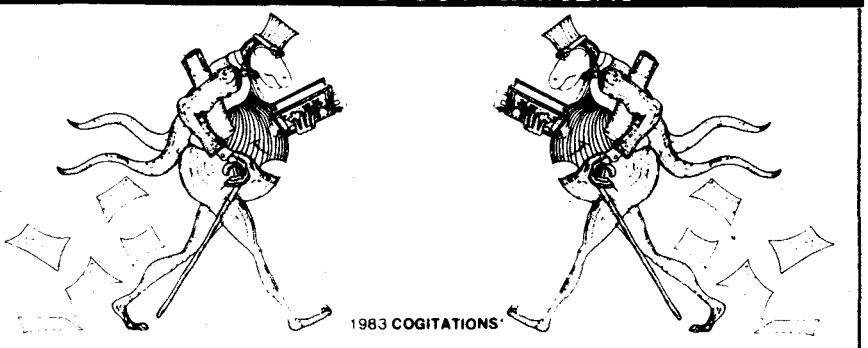

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CURRENT WISDOM

Commonweal

Another odious example of what passes for thought in a leading religious gazette:

You must draw distinctions between authoritarian and totalitarian governments. This is Kirkpatrick's major point. She's right; that's a useful distinction. Poland is an authoritarian country, El Salvador totalitarian.

[*June 3, 1983*]

Miscellaneous

An urgent handout distributed by leftists of the Khmer Rouge mentality to dopes indigenous to the Bay Area:

A week ago UN Ambassador Jeanne [sic] Kirkpatrick was shouted off the stage in Wheeler Auditorium. The University administration and a number of people are upset that she was denied "free speech." We disagree. We think it was a stand taken by people for freedom against someone responsible for mass murder and genocide.

There is no such thing as "free speech" in the abstract. There is speech that is for freedom and human dignity, and speech that is for oppression. Jeanne [sic] Kirkpatrick came here as a leader of the US government, every bit as much a war criminal as the leaders of the death squads in Central America that she supports. She came to organize support for the murderous strategies of the US, strategies that she helps develop at the international level.

[*Spring 1983*]

Esquire

The nocturnal cogitations of feminist Sally Kempton, who, if presented with the life of, say, Mother Teresa, would doubtless esteem her slightly unbalanced:

I used to lie in bed beside my husband after those fights and wish I had the courage to bash in his head with a frying pan. I would do it while he slept, since awake he would overpower me, disarm me. If only I dared, I would mutter to myself through clenched teeth, pushing back the realization that I didn't dare not because I was afraid of seriously hurting him—I would have loved to do that—but because even in the extremity of my anger I was afraid that if I cracked his head with a frying pan he would leave me.

[*June 1983*]

The Nation

The scholarly observations of Dr. Gerald Peary, visiting zoologist at the *Nation*, where the LSD comes with the morning muffins and Cream of Wheat:

The advertisements promoting Nancy Reagan's guest appearance on the March 19 segment of NBC's *Diff'rent Strokes* showed the First Lady in a white dress opening a door and getting a warm welcome from a happy black child. Evidently young Arnold (Gary Coleman) had not been informed of the racist week that was, and that the First Husband was in many ways responsible.

For a start, President Reagan's Environmental Protection Agency was discovered "going slow" on lead poisoning control in poor black neighborhoods in Dallas. Then, Reagan's Justice Department began beating up on Representative Ron Dellums, alleging—that is, rumoring—that the leftish California Democrat used drugs. Next, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights charged that the Reagan Administration had all but given up on civil rights and was not cooperating with the commission's request for documents.

After a brief period of official good behavior, the government, in its various guises, is back in the racism business. The country seems to have journeyed back in time to the pre-1964 Civil Rights Act days, when Mississippi's Governor Ross Barnett could enter a courtroom and warmly shake the hand of Byron De La Beckwith, the man on trial for assassinating N.A.A.C.P. leader Medgar Evers.

[*April 2, 1983*]

Bangor Daily News

Proof that enlightened judicial practices have finally arrived in historic Bangor, Maine, from the "Court News" section of the *Daily News*:

Steven Blake, 20, Lubec, attempted criminal mischief, attempting to throw a bottle through the passenger side window of a pickup truck owned by Stanley W. Fletcher, dismissed by state, because of evidence that the attempt was not to break the window but to hit a person. . . .

[*May 26, 1983*]

Catalogue of the Liturgical Press

Notice of artistic offerings now available to all New Age believers still at large:

The sounds of this Mass in celebration of Mother Earth were recorded in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and in the Grand Canyon. The music is provided by Paul Winter and the Paul Winter Consort, with the chorus, choristers, and pipe organ of the Cathedral, and the voices of wolf, whale, loon, and harp seals.

In addition to some traditional music, which receives new treatment in this recording, several themes for various parts of the Mass come from such unlikely sources as an Alaskan tundra wolf and a humpback whale. Yet the celebration is not profaned by these themes; it is enormously enhanced by the "natural" sounds of life.

[*St. John's Abbey, 1983*]

Krokodil

A major Soviet gazette renders Walter Mondale comprehensible to the hardcore:

Is it really cause for surprise that the machinations of the Tylenol fiend were taken as an example and imitated by other American citizens? Are not such examples likely to be followed in a society which has elevated contempt for one's neighbor to a moral absolute (and even to the level of government policy)? It is not accidental that the word "Tylenol" which, to put it bluntly, does not have the most pleasant associations for Americans, has moved into the lexicon of politics. The Democratic former vice-president Walter Mondale, for example, has christened Ronald Reagan's policies "Tylenol."

[*February 1983*]

The New York Times

Historical observations from the Hon. George McGovern, Old Meathead:

Once nominated, I selected as my running mate Thomas F. Eagleton of Missouri, an effective Senator who was later revealed to have had a history of mental illness for which he had been treated with electric shock therapy. I erred in saying that I stood "a thousand percent" behind Senator Eagleton, only to be forced by subsequent information into changing my mind. There was no dishonesty in my handling of this complicated dilemma. But the incident received more abuse in the press than Mr. Nixon's prosecution of the Vietnam War, his refusal to meet me in public debate and the Watergate coverup.

[*May 11, 1983*]

The New Republic

Another adulatory testimonial to our President from a leading schizophrenic source:

His combination of insensitivity to his allies and belligerence to his opponents, fired by a self-righteousness hardly seen since the days of John Foster Dulles, has done nothing for European confidence in American leadership. The feeling of insecurity—itself a source of instability—is not confined to the ranks of committed nuclear disarmers. . . . A President who seldom reads, listens with difficulty to long explanations, and has little comprehension of the complexities of the world around him is rapidly making Carter look superior.

[*May 16, 1983*]

National Catholic Reporter

Sidney Lens hands down reassuring news to the adepts of New Age mysticism and heartburn:

The main thing to consider in President Reagan's proposed 1984 budget is not the numbers—$848 billion expenditures, $659 billion receipts, a $189 billion deficit, a $30 billion or 14 percent increase in military spending—but the philosophy behind it. . . .

Reagan's game plan since he took office has called for a twin redistribution of the nation's income, from the poor to the rich, and from the poor to the military. . . .

The Reagan budget certainly will be amended. With hundreds of thousands of Americans sleeping on the streets or in cardboard Reaganvilles, with farmers by the thousands losing their farms, with a class of new poor joining the ranks of the old poor, the nation is in no mood for deeper social cuts—and it is becoming tired of more guns and less butter.

[*February 18, 1983*]

The Daily Californian

Another arcane notification from Ralph Nader to any UC Berkeley students willing to take up The Cause:

He said it's harder to get rich practicing public-interest law than it is practicing corporate law, but said, "You're reverberating off someone else's status machinations."

The point, he said, is this: "Are you going to be a primary human being or forever afflicted with retainer astigmatism?"

[*February 10, 1983*]

The Washington Post

Public speculations of another frightening opponent of Gay Rights—the night rider mentality lives!

When I was in high school I remember that we girls were always given privacy in gym class when we showered and changed into and out of our suits. I was grateful for that privacy. Yet my husband says when he was in the service no one cared about modesty in showers or even in bathrooms. Our sons swim in the nude at camp and they say the same thing.

I believe this may be the reason there is so much homosexuality today. A desperately lonely or weak person could be inclined to cross over the line with whomever is near.

[*March 14, 1983*]

National Republican Congressional Committee

Recent correspondence from the patriot, Guy Vander Jagt, Chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, to Paul Vivian, anthropologist and Republican:

I am honored to have you as a contributor to the NRCC, and I thank you for your support of our work.

You've done a great deal in many ways to strengthen the Republican Party. Now, President Reagan and I are especially grateful that you have decided to give your generous support directly to our 1983 GOP Victory Fund in order to help us elect Republicans to the House in 1984.

Your sacrifice to send $2.00 for our congressional campaigns shows that you are someone very special who is willing to back your political convictions. . . .

Sincerely,
Guy Vander Jagt, M.C.
Chairman

P.S. My staff told me that your $2.00 contribution is more than you've ever sent before. So, I especially appreciate your extra sacrifice in these inflationary times. I will work even harder to merit the confidence you have shown in our work.

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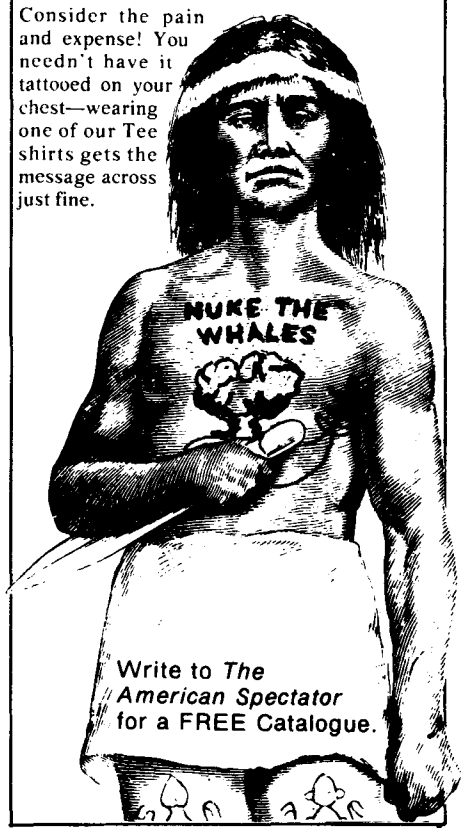

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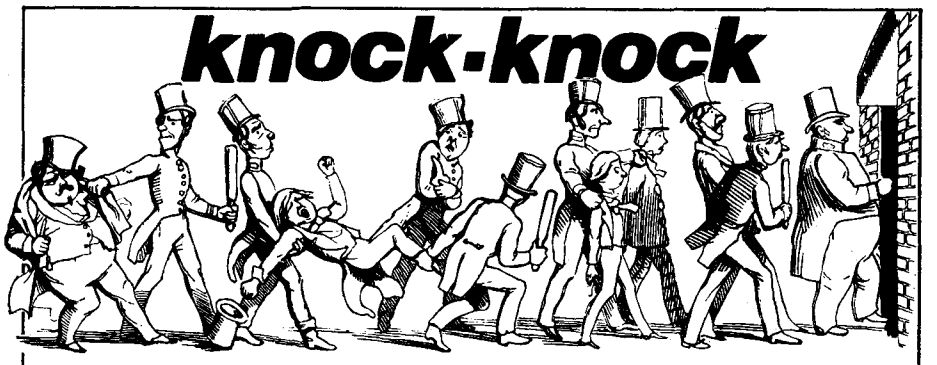

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